INSIDE: THE INCREDIBLE HULK BATTLES THE THING!

7d

SMASH!

No. 43
26th NOV. 1966
EVERY MONDAY

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE BATMOBILING AFTER LITTLE NAPOLEON. THEY SUSPECT LITTLE NAP OF CARRYING OUT A SLY PIECE OF SOLDIERY AGAINST GOTHAM CITY DIAMOND EXCHANGE! ON THE WAY...

BOB KANE

HELPING LITTLE OLD LADIES ACROSS THE STREET IS PART OF BEING A GENTLEMAN, CHUM!

HOLY AMY VANDERBILT! — EVEN WHEN WE'RE GOING TO A ROBBERY?

HEH HEH!

THEY DON'T KNOW I'M REALLY 22-YEAR-OLD JOSEPHINE -- PLANTED HERE JUST TO DELAY THEM!

WHILE AT GOTHAM CITY DIAMOND EXCHANGE--

NOW! TURN ON THE GAS, MEN!

I'M FALLING ASLEEP!

WE'RE BEING ROBBED!!

THE "SOLDIERS" DUMP FABULOUS GEMS INTO A COLLAPSIBLE CHUTE--

WHILE DOWN IN THE NICE COOL SEWER--

I'M RICH! RICH!

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THEY ARE ROBBING THE DIAMOND EXCHANGE!

LET'S GET 'EM, TIGER!

ZOOM

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EEK! IT'S THE CAPED CRUSADER!

---AND THE BOY WONDER!!

FLIP THIS PAGE—FAST!

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DON'T YOU KNOW STEALING IS AGAINST THE LAW?
BESIDES---IT ISN'T NICE!
CLONK!
POW
ZAM
MY TROOPS ARE EXPENDABLE AS LONG AS I HAVE THE LOOT!
I LOST FOUR OF MY BEST OLD GUARDSMEN TO DO-GOODERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN, TO GET THIS LOVELY LOOT!
OH, NAPPY! MAY I HAVE A BAUBLE FOR MY VERY OWN?
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TAKE WHATEVER YOU LIKE, DEAR JOSEPHINE!
AND NOW I WANT YOU TO DELIVER ANOTHER NOTE FOR ME!
SURE, NAPPY
POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE---
GREAT SNAKES! IT'S HER AGAIN!
AND WEARING SOME OF THE LOOT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MY GIRL!
YOU KIDDING? THIS IS DIME-STORE JUNK A FUNNY LITTLE GUY GAVE ME FOR DELIVERING THIS ENVELOPE!
I'D LIKE TO EX-AMINE THOSE JEWELS!
BATMAN ALWAYS CARRIES A JEWELLER'S-GLASS IN HIS UTILITY-BELT!
AND, AS I SUSPECTED, THESE ARE FALSE!
SEE? WELL, TA-TA, GENTS. HERE'S YOUR NOTE!
ACTUALLY, COMMISSIONER, THE DIAMONDS WERE REAL!
AND YOU LET HER GO? WHY, BATMAN?!?
I CLEVERLY PLANTED A HOMING-DEVICE IN THE NECKLACE---
--SO THE BATSCOPE IN THE BATMOBILE WILL LEAD US RIGHT TO HER BOSS--- LITTLE NAPOLEON!
HOLD UP A MINUTE, CAPED CRUSADER!
BIG THRILLS FOR BOYS ON THE BAT-BEAM NEXT TUESDAY!

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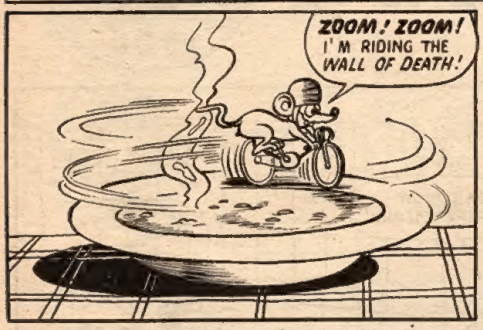
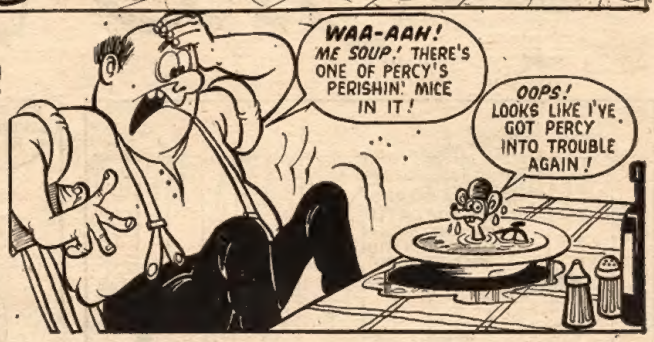
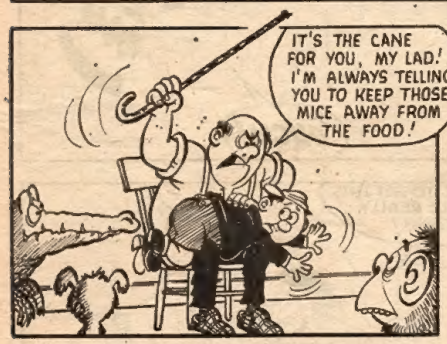
Percy's Pets

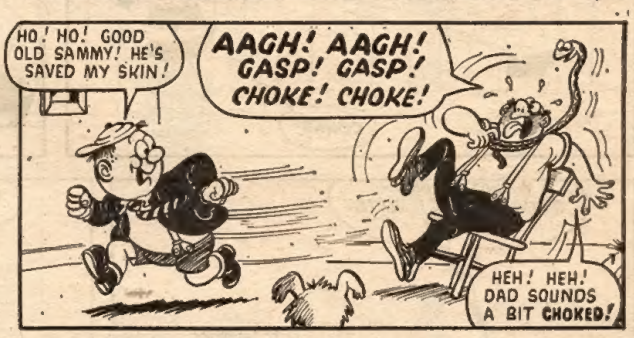

ZOOM! ZOOM! I'M RIDING THE WALL OF DEATH!

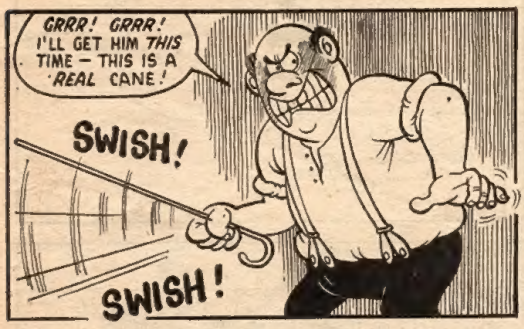
AAGH!
SPLOSH!

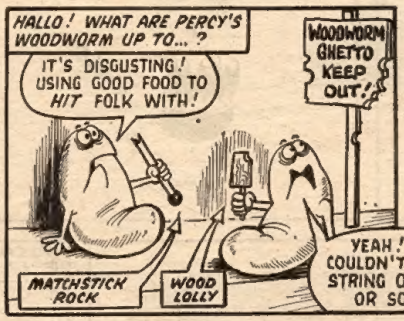

WAA-AAH! ME SOUP! THERE'S ONE OF PERCY'S PERISHIN' MICE IN IT!
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT PERCY INTO TROUBLE AGAIN!

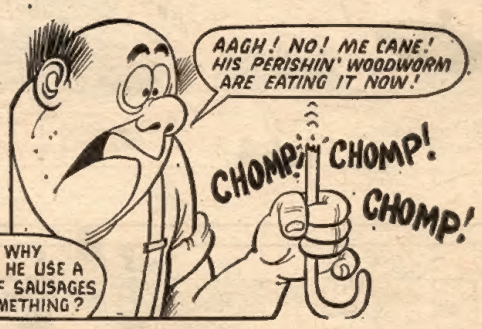

IT'S THE CANE FOR YOU, MY LAD! I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU TO KEEP THOSE MICE AWAY FROM THE FOOD!

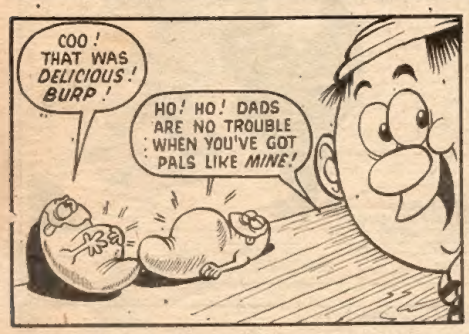
DON'T TELL DAD, BUT THIS ISN'T A CANE HE'S HOLDING! HEH! HEH!

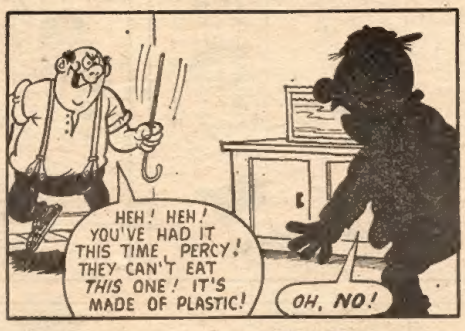

HO! HO! GOOD OLD SAMMY! HE'S SAVED MY SKIN!
AAGH! AAGH! GASP! GASP! CHOKE! CHOKE!
HEH! HEH! DAD SOUNDS A BIT CHOKED!


GRRR! GRRR! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME – THIS IS A REAL CANE!
SWISH!
SWISH!


HALLO! WHAT ARE PERCY'S WOODWORM UP TO...?
IT'S DISGUSTING! USING GOOD FOOD TO HIT FOLK WITH!
WOODWORM GHETTO KEEP OUT!
MATCHSTICK ROCK
WOOD LOLLY
YEAH! WHY COULDN'T HE USE A STRING OF SAUSAGES OR SOMETHING?

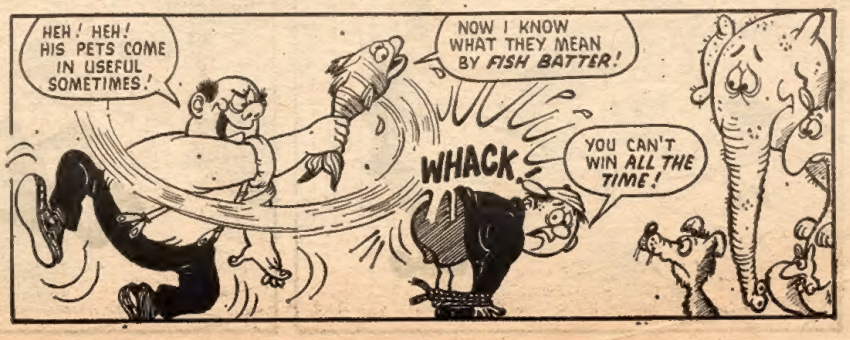

AAGH! NO! ME CANE! HIS PERISHIN' WOODWORM ARE EATING IT NOW!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!


COO! THAT WAS DELICIOUS! BURP!
HO! HO! DADS ARE NO TROUBLE WHEN YOU'VE GOT PALS LIKE MINE!


HEH! HEH! YOU'VE HAD IT THIS TIME, PERCY! THEY CAN'T EAT THIS ONE! IT'S MADE OF PLASTIC!
OH, NO!

WRONG AGAIN, DAD! HEH! HEH! I EAT PLASTIC! I'M A PLASTIC STURGEON! HO! HO!

ERK!


HEH! HEH! HIS PETS COME IN USEFUL SOMETIMES!
NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY FISH BATTER!
WHACK!
YOU CAN'T WIN ALL THE TIME!

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
AMMO
STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL POP YOU ONE ON THE SNITCH WITH MY POP-GUN!
CORKS!
SILLY LITTLE TWIT / THAT STRING ISN'T LONG ENOUGH TO REACH ME!
I SAID 'STAY WHERE YOU ARE!'
OUCH!
IT WASN'T STRING— IT WAS ELASTIC!! ROTTEN CHEAT!
THROB!
THROB!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
GURR! I'LL GET HIM FOR THAT!
KICK
FIRST TO GET THIS BOTTLE REALLY FIZZING!
HOP!
HOP!
FIRE!
? ? ?
POP!
EEK!
YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING, P.C. NABB! HE—ER— DID THE SAME TO ME—
—I'M JUST GETTING MY REVENGE —HEH! HEH!
OH— NO!
FIZZZ
HO! HO! SHE'S FOR IT NOW! HEE! HEE!
I CAN DO SOMETHING NOW —AND I'M GOING TO!!
COME TO OUNTY CORK
—AND GET AWAY FROM BOTTLE-NECKS
BAH! SHE'S VANISHED! WHERE DID SHE GO—?

OO 'ECKY! MY WEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THIS ROTTEN OL' FENCE! I'VE CORKED P.C. NABB!
CRACK!
TO CORK
GURRRR!
I RECKON I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT FENCING!
I'LL GIVE P.C. NABB A HAND!
PLOP!
POP!
THAT INSTANT GLUE WILL STICK LIKE MAD!
AAGH! I'VE BEEN TRIPPED!
TRIP!
COO! SHE'S GONE AGAIN!—WHERE—?
THINGS ARE LOOKIN' UP FOR ME—LET'S HOPE P.C. NABB DOESN'T!
?
S'CUSE ME, CONSTABLE!
ERK! P-PENNY!
M-MERCY, PENNY! I SAID I'M S-SORRY! SOB! SOB!
HEH-HEH! GO ON—DARE ME!
EEK!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T!
HUH! CAUGHT BY SERGEANT CORK! THAT IS THE LAST STRAW!
NO IT ISN'T—NOT YET!
WAAH! ROTTERS! LET ME OUT!
THAT'S A CORKING GOOD IDEA TO KEEP HER OUT OF MISCHIEF, SERGEANT!

THE RUBBERMAN!

TRAPPED IN THE TEMPLE OF **THE RAINMAKER**— THE SINISTER BEING WHO RULES THIS REMOTE CITY IN CANADA— **RUBBERMAN** IS BEING DRAGGED TO HIS DOOM IN A SEA OF MUD...!

I CAN'T FIND A HAND-HOLD! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP MYSELF SINKING RIGHT DOWN INTO THIS REEKING STUFF!

FROM BEHIND THE WALL OF TOUGHENED GLASS, THE RAINMAKER CACKLES MERCILESSLY...

THERE ARE CREATURES IN THERE THAT MAKE EVEN MY *PIRANHA FISH* SEEM LIKE *HARMLESS PETS!*

THEN...

I—I CAN FEEL SOMETHING MOVING UP THROUGH THE MUD! SOMETHING *HUGE!*

YOU WILL SEE JUST WHAT I MEAN IN A MOMENT, MY FRIEND. AND IT WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU WILL *EVER* SEE!

DESPERATELY, RUBBERMAN'S ARMS STRETCH OUT...

BY PRESSING MY HANDS AGAINST EACH WALL, I CAN SUPPORT MYSELF... PULL MYSELF CLEAR OF THE MUD... *AND* WHAT-EVER IS INSIDE IT!

AS HIS BODY PULLS CLEAR, A NIGHTMARE CREATURE CLUTCHES RUBBERMAN'S LEGS...

YOU SEE THE *FIRST* OF THE CREATURES OF THE MUD... *A CREATURE THAT WILL SUCK YOU DRY OF BLOOD!*

PERHAPS— IF I CAN ONLY—*STUN IT!*

AAH!

AND AS THE SOLID WEIGHT OF THE LOATHSOME CREATURE HITS THE GLASS SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE RAINMAKER...

IT'S CRACKED THE SCREEN!

CRASH!

A COUPLE MORE KICKS... AND...

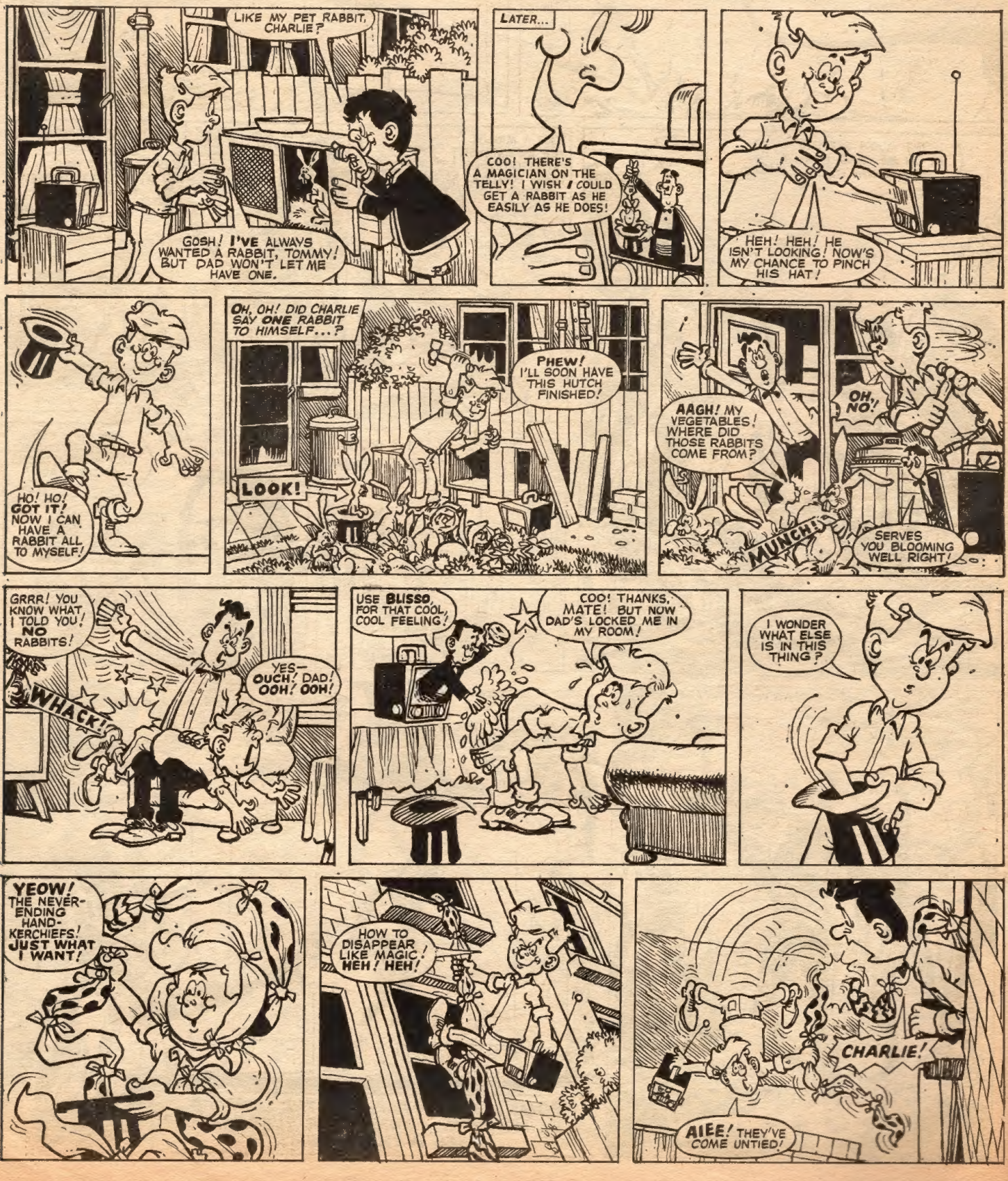
...I'M THROUGH!

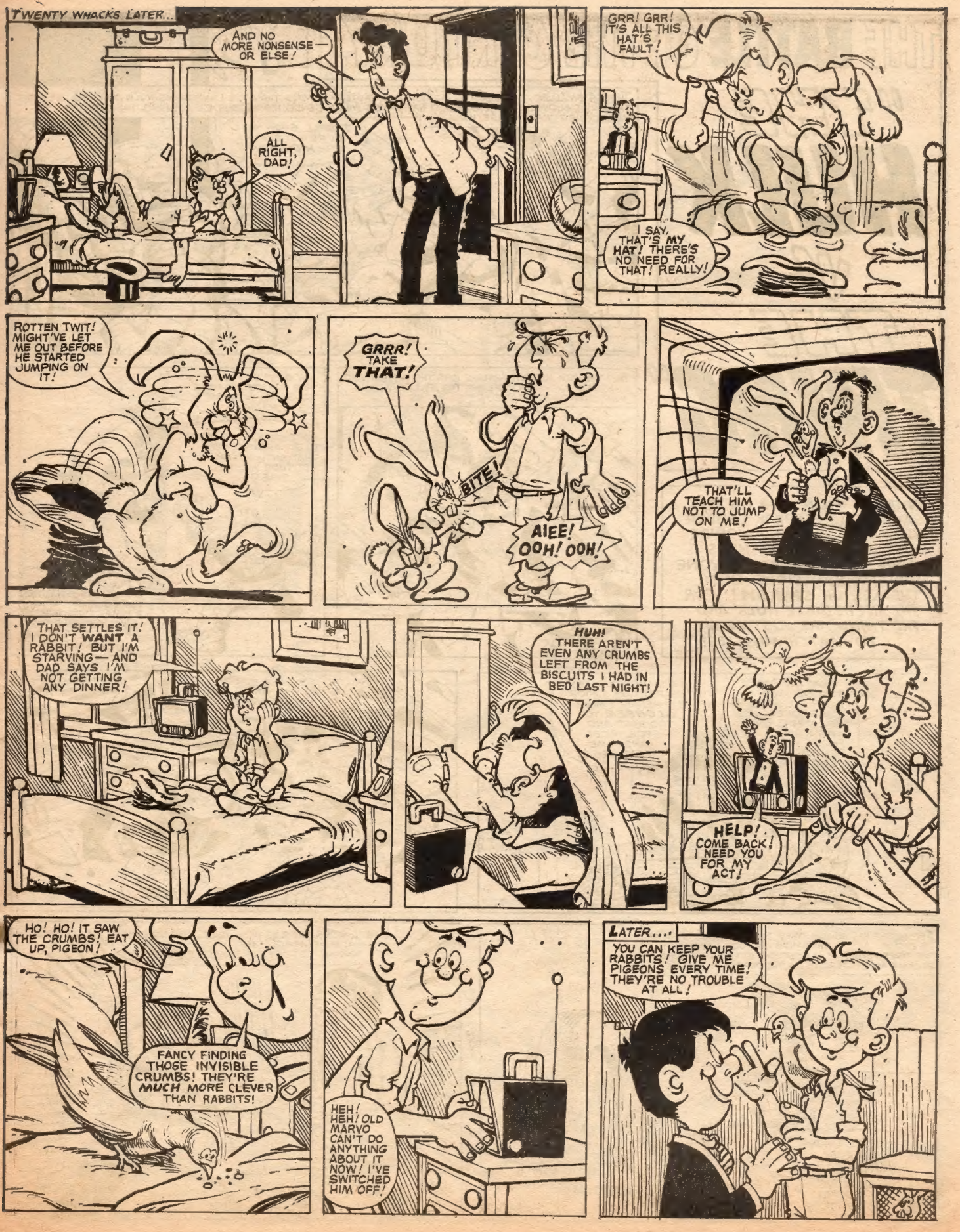
NO! NO!

BUT AS RUBBERMAN'S HANDS REACH OUT...
UUUGH! I CAN'T HOLD HIM! HE'S AS SLIPPERY AND SLIMY AS THAT CREATURE IN THE MUD!
THE ESCAPE DOOR SLAMS SHUT...
CURSE YOU, RUBBERMAN! BUT I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!
HE'S GOT AWAY!
THE MUD'S SEEPING IN ON ME! AND I CAN'T SEE A WAY OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE. THE RAINMAKER PRESSED ONE OF THESE CONTROL BUTTONS TO GET DOWN HERE. MAYBE IT WILL GET ME OUT... IF I PRESS THE RIGHT ONE!
INSTANTLY THE THRONE RISES—INTO THE ROOM ABOVE!
THE TEMPLE GUARDIANS!
THERE HE IS! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE MASTER?
THEN, SUDDENLY, ROARING RAIN BATTERS RUBBERMAN TO THE GROUND...
I'VE GOT TO... UUUUUHH!
NOW IS YOUR CHANCE! SEIZE HIM!
THE RAIN HAS DAZED HIM! BUT HAVE YOUR JET GUNS AT THE READY!
THEN...
DRAG HIM AWAY! IN THERE!
IF HE STRUGGLES, OPEN FIRE WITH YOUR GUNS, MEN!
WHEN RUBBERMAN'S SENSES STOP REELING...
THERE YOU WILL STAY, RUBBERMAN. UNTIL I AM READY TO CONDEMN YOU TO THE LIVING DEATH!
WHAT FIENDISH FATE HAS THE ENRAGED RAINMAKER PLANNED FOR RUBBERMAN? SEE NEXT WEEK!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

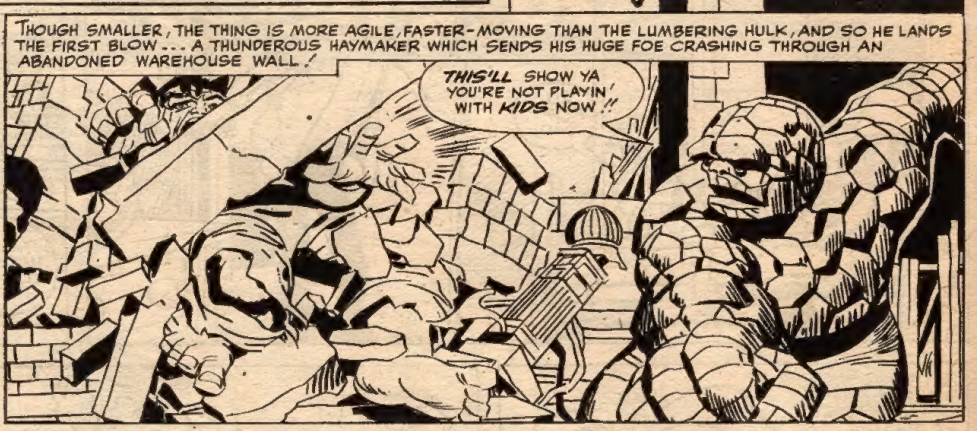

LIKE MY PET RABBIT, CHARLIE?
GOSH! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RABBIT, TOMMY! BUT DAD WON'T LET ME HAVE ONE.
LATER...
COO! THERE'S A MAGICIAN ON THE TELLY! I WISH I COULD GET A RABBIT AS HE EASILY AS HE DOES!
HEH! HEH! HE ISN'T LOOKING! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PINCH HIS HAT!
HO! HO! GOT IT! NOW I CAN HAVE A RABBIT ALL TO MYSELF!
OH, OH! DID CHARLIE SAY ONE RABBIT TO HIMSELF...?
PHEW! I'LL SOON HAVE THIS HUTCH FINISHED!
LOOK!
AAGH! MY VEGETABLES! WHERE DID THOSE RABBITS COME FROM?
OH, NO!
MUNCH!
SERVES YOU BLOOMING WELL RIGHT!
GRRR! YOU KNOW WHAT I TOLD YOU! NO RABBITS!
WHACK!
YES— OUCH! DAD! OOH! OOH!
USE BLISSO FOR THAT COOL, COOL FEELING!
COO! THANKS, MATE! BUT NOW DAD'S LOCKED ME IN MY ROOM!
I WONDER WHAT ELSE IS IN THIS THING?
YEOW! THE NEVER-ENDING HANDKERCHIEFS! JUST WHAT I WANT!
HOW TO DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC! HEH! HEH!
CHARLIE!
AIEE! THEY'VE COME UNTIED!


TWENTY WHACKS LATER..
AND NO MORE NONSENSE— OR ELSE!
ALL RIGHT, DAD!
GRR! GRR! IT'S ALL THIS HAT'S FAULT!
I SAY, THAT'S MY HAT! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT! REALLY!
ROTTEN TWIT! MIGHT'VE LET ME OUT BEFORE HE STARTED JUMPING ON IT!
GRRR! TAKE THAT!
BITE!
AIEE! OOH! OOH!
THAT'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO JUMP ON ME!
THAT SETTLES IT! I DON'T WANT A RABBIT! BUT I'M STARVING— AND DAD SAYS I'M NOT GETTING ANY DINNER!
HUH! THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY CRUMBS LEFT FROM THE BISCUITS I HAD IN BED LAST NIGHT!
HELP! COME BACK! I NEED YOU FOR MY ACT!
HO! HO! IT SAW THE CRUMBS! EAT UP, PIGEON!
FANCY FINDING THOSE INVISIBLE CRUMBS! THEY'RE MUCH MORE CLEVER THAN RABBITS!
HEH! HEH! OLD MARVO CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW! I'VE SWITCHED HIM OFF!
LATER....
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR RABBITS! GIVE ME PIGEONS EVERY TIME! THEY'RE NO TROUBLE AT ALL!

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY,

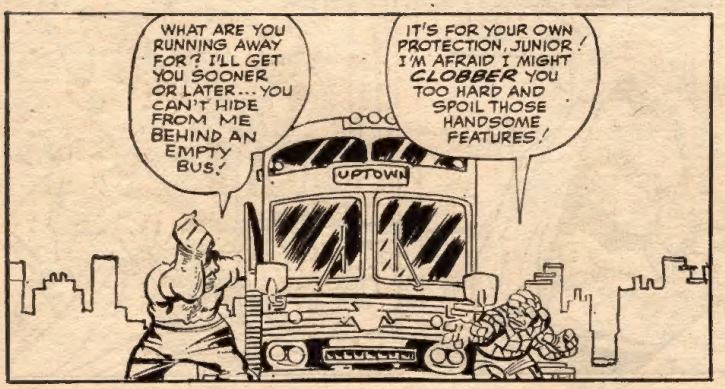
"THE HULK VS. THE THING"

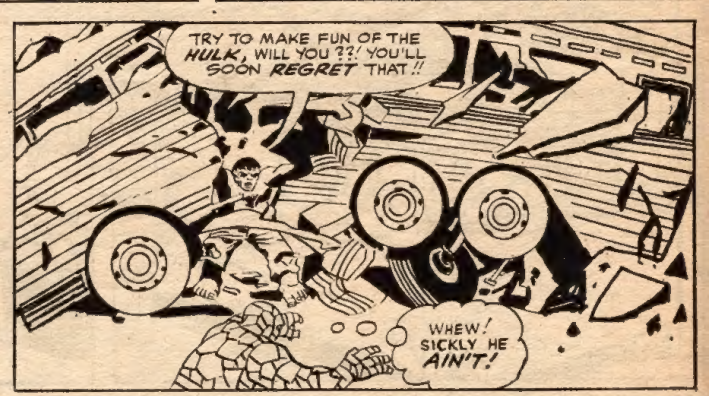
WHAT IS THERE FOR US TO SAY? ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.... AND YOU'RE JUST ABOUT TO WITNESS MORE ACTION THAN ANYONE DREAMED POSSIBLE UNTIL THE AGE OF **SMASH!** *FOR THE INCREDIBLE* **HULK** *AND THE* **THING** *ARE JUST ABOUT TO MATCH MUSCLES!*

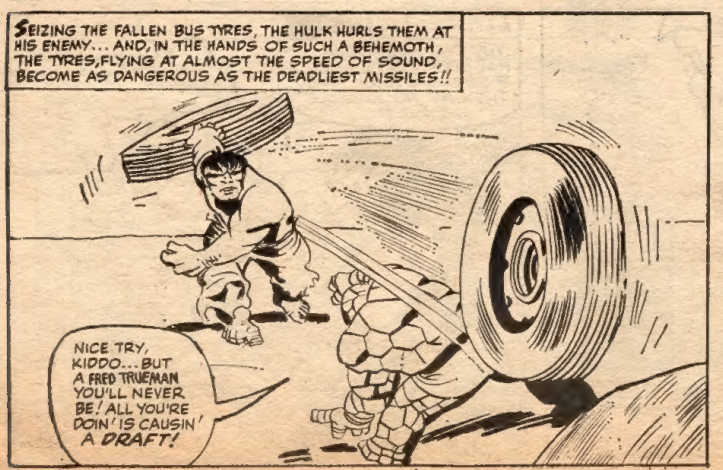

THOUGH SMALLER, THE THING IS MORE AGILE, FASTER-MOVING THAN THE LUMBERING HULK, AND SO HE LANDS THE FIRST BLOW... A THUNDEROUS HAYMAKER WHICH SENDS HIS HUGE FOE CRASHING THROUGH AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE WALL!
THIS'LL SHOW YA YOU'RE NOT PLAYIN' WITH KIDS NOW!!

BUT THE HULK MERELY SHRUGS OFF THE IMPACT AND CHARGES BACK INTO THE BATTLE, FILLED WITH A MAD, INSATIABLE RAGE!
AND NOW... IT'S MY TURN!

MY BEST BET IS TRY TO TIRE HIM OUT BEFORE TANGLING WITH HIM AGAIN!
AIN'T YOU EMBARRASSED TO GO AROUND WITH THAT ANTI-SOCIAL ATTITUDE ALL THE TIME?
I'LL LET 'IM TAKE ONE MORE STEP, THEN DUCK OUT OF THE WAY! A SMART COOKIE LIKE ME OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO RATTLE HIM!


WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY FOR? I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER... YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME BEHIND AN EMPTY BUS!
IT'S FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, JUNIOR! I'M AFRAID I MIGHT CLOBBER YOU TOO HARD AND SPOIL THOSE HANDSOME FEATURES!
UPTOWN

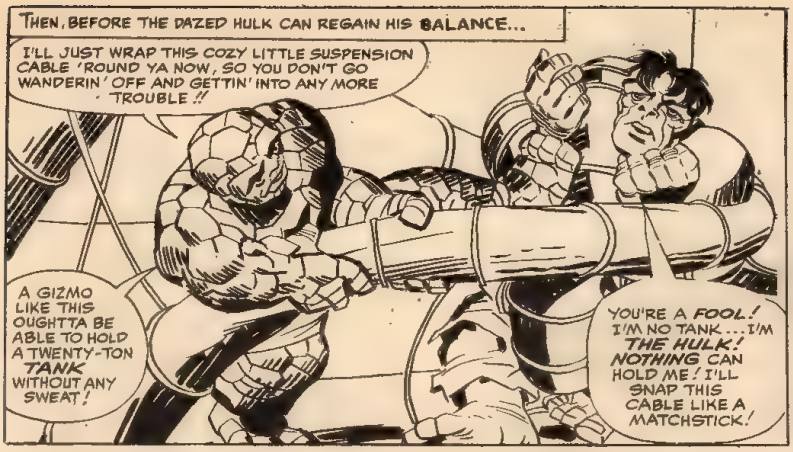


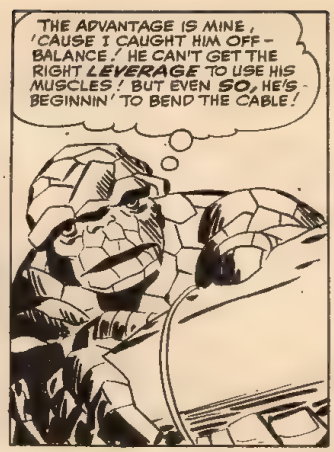

SEIZING THE FALLEN BUS TYRES, THE HULK HURLS THEM AT HIS ENEMY... AND, IN THE HANDS OF SUCH A BEHEMOTH, THE TYRES, FLYING AT ALMOST THE SPEED OF SOUND, BECOME AS DANGEROUS AS THE DEADLIEST MISSILES!!
NICE TRY, KIDDO... BUT A FRED TRUEMAN YOU'LL NEVER BE! ALL YOU'RE DOIN' IS CAUSIN' A DRAFT!

BUT, MOVING WITH SURPRISING SPEED FOR ONE SO HUGE, THE HULK LASHES OUT, AND...
HAH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
OOF!
WHERE ARE YOUR WISE-CRACKS NOW, THING?? YOUR INSULTING REMARKS?? WHERE IS THE STRENGTH YOU ALWAYS BRAG ABOUT?
MAYBE I LEFT 'EM IN MY OTHER SUIT! HEY... LEGGO! THAT'S THE HAND I EAT JELLY WITH!
I'LL LET GO... RIGHT AFTER I LEAP 'WAY UP TO GET THE FORCE I NEED, AND THEN...
THERE!! YOU'RE FREE!! FREE TO GO HURTLING INTO THE AIR! AND WHEN YOU LAND, IT'LL BE YOUR FINISH!
WOW! HE AIN'T KIDDIN'! GOOD THING I WAS ABLE TO GRAB THIS ROOF EDGE!
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THAT CRUMB ISN'T GOING TO BE AS EASY TO CLOBBER AS I THOUGHT!
HE SAVED HIMSELF BY GRABBING THE ROOF! BUT I'LL SHAKE HIM OFF... LIKE I'D SHAKE A ROTTEN APPLE OFF A TREE!
HEY! CUT IT OUT!! A GUY COULD GET AIR-SICK LIKE THIS!
HOLY SMOKE!! I'D BETTER JUMP OFF HERE BEFORE THAT NUT WRECKS THE WHOLE BLAMED BUILDING!!
OKAY, MELVIN! IF YOU WANT ME, JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!
GERONIMO!
BUT, AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND, THE INCREDIBLE HULK STEPS BACK, WHILE HE LASHES OUT WITH HIS TWO MIGHTY ARMS, CATCHING THE THING BEFORE HE CAN STRIKE THE GROUND!
DID YOU THINK I'D LET YOU LAND ON ME?? NO... I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!
FIRST, I'LL DROP YOU INTO THIS MANHOLE... AND IF IT'S TOO TIGHT A FIT, I'LL JUST FORCE YOU IN... LIKE THIS!
WHAM!
HAH!! IT'S THE BEST THING HE COULDA DONE! I'LL JUST GRAB A HANDFUL OF ELECTRIC CABLES AND YANK 'EM OUT!!
HE'S BEEN TRAPPED THERE LONG ENOUGH! NOW I'LL PULL HIM OUT AND FINISH HIM OFF!
WHAT'S THAT I FEEL BEING PRESSED AGAINST MY HAND??
LIVE ELECTRIC WIRES!! MILLIONS OF VOLTS! HE TRICKED ME!!
© Marvel Comic Group 1966.

MEANTIME, AT F.F. HEADQUARTERS ...
..THE HULK HAS TAKEN ENOUGH VOLTAGE TO LIGHT UP TIMES SQUARE, BUT IT ONLY SLOWED HIM DOWN FOR A MINUTE!
I'VE GOT TO HELP BEN! HE CAN'T BEAT THE HULK ALONE!
HE'S GOING ABOUT IT ALL WRONG! HULK IS TOO STRONG... HE'S GOT TO OUTSMART HIM... HE... OHHH... TOO WEAK... CAN'T MAKE IT!!
BUT I MUST... HE NEEDS ME... CAN'T QUIT NOW!
...I'VE GOT TO STRETCH... REACH OUT... CAUSE A DIVERSION DOWN BELOW... THING NEEDS TIME TO GET A PLAN...
...EVERYTHING GOING 'ROUND... BLACKING OUT... WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?? WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN... NOW?? IF ONLY... IF ONLY... OHHH...
AND THERE, HIGH ABOVE THE SCENE OF BATTLE, HIS BODY WRACKED WITH FEVER, THE VALIANT MR. FANTASTIC LAPSES INTO A HELPLESS COMA... HIS IRON WILL NO MATCH FOR THE DISEASE WHICH HAS CLAIMED HIM!
MAYBE... IF I CAN MAKE IT TO WINDOW... GET SOME AIR... IT'LL REVIVE ME... GIVE ME STRENGTH...
WHILE ON THE STREET BELOW, THE TWO SUPER-ANTAGONISTS FACE EACH OTHER ANEW...
HEY! YOU STILL HERE?? I THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE CARTED YA AWAY BY NOW!!
YOU THOUGHT A FEW ELECTRIC WIRES COULD STOP ME? YOU WASTED THE FEW PRECIOUS SECONDS WHICH I ALLOWED YOU.. BUT YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE LIKE THAT AGAIN!
AT THAT MOMENT, A SCANT TWO BLOCKS AWAY, A FEW DETERMINED ONLOOKERS BREAK THROUGH THE BARRICADE AND LOCATE A MEDIUM-SIZED TRUCK ...
SOUTH DRIVE
YANCY ST.
OKAY, SHE'S IN GEAR! BACK HER DOWN THE HILL! HURRY!
THE THING'S GONNA NEED THIS INTERRUPTION! WE DON'T MIND RIBBING HIM, BUT WE'RE NOT LETTIN' ANYONE ELSE PULVERIZE OUR FAVOURITE BOY!
BULL'S-EYE! IT'LL CARRY THE HULK CLEAN DOWN TO THE DOCKS AND INTO THE RIVER! THAT OUGHTTA GIVE THE THING THE BREAK HE NEEDS!
BUT THE DESPERATE PLAN OF THE YANCY STREET GANG MISFIRES... FOR THE THING HANGS ON FOR GRIM LIFE, AND IS CARRIED ALONG, TOO!
DON'T SHOOT!! YOU'LL HIT THE THING!
ALERT ALL UNITS! THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE HUDSON RIVER!
AND, AS THE RUNAWAY VEHICLE CAREENS OFF THE PIER, THE TWO BATTLING POWERHOUSES PLUNGE INTO THE WATERY DEPTHS.....
THE HULK'S TRYIN' TO HOLD ME UNDER!! HE KNOWS HIS LUNGS ARE STRONGER THAN MINE... HE CAN GO WITHOUT AIR LONGER... I'VE GOTTA BUST LOOSE!!
JUST TIME FOR ONE FAST JUDO BLOW... IT'S GOT TO WORK... HERE GOES!!
MADE IT! BUT HE AIN'T GONNA HANG AROUND AND APPLAUD! I'VE GOT TO REACH THE SURFACE BEFORE HE GRABS ME AGAIN!
BOY! GOOD THING I'M LIGHTER AND FASTER! HEY! THIS LITTLE HONEY IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME THAT WAY, THING!

USING THE POWER OF HIS INDESCRIBABLY MUSCULAR LEGS, THE INCREDIBLE HULK LEAPS AFTER THE SPEEDING CRAFT, LIKE AN AVENGING THUNDERBOLT!!
ESCAPE YOU?? ARE YOU KIDDIN'?? I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SURRENDER BEFORE I ANNIHILATE YA!
GOOD THING THIS BABY CAN TURN ON A DIME! IF THE HULK HAD LANDED ON ME THEN, WE MIGHTA HAD US A COUPLE OF KING-SIZE HEADACHES!
LOOKS LIKE I LOST HIM FOR A WHILE! MIGHT AS WELL HEAD FOR THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE AND FIGURE OUT MY NEXT MOVE!
HE'S NOT BEHIND ME! WONDER WHAT HE'S COOKIN' UP?! MAYBE HE WENT BACK FOR HIS WATER SKIIS!
CRASH!
WELL, WELL! WHADDAYA KNOW?! HERE'S LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE NOW!
COME BACK, YOU SNIVELLIN' COWARD! WE'LL FINISH THIS OFF RIGHT HERE!
WE'LL FINISH IT, ALL RIGHT! BUT I'LL PICK THE SPOT... AND IT WON'T BE THE WATER!
ALL RIGHT, THEN... THE BRIDGE SUITS ME FINE!! BUT THERE'S A FAST WAY TO REACH THE TOP... MUCH FASTER THAN BY CLIMBING UP!
I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D DO THAT! NOW HANG ON, BUSTER... BECAUSE THIS IS IT!
HERE'S A FEW GOODIES FOR YA TO CHEW ON SO YOU DON'T GET BORED TILL I GET THERE!
SECONDS LATER, THE FIGHTING-MAD THING REACHES THE HULK AS THEY GRAB EACH OTHER IN GRIPS OF STEEL!!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, THING! IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN!
WHY? I AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA TAKE A DIVE!
BUT SLOWLY, STEADILY, WITH EVER-INCREASING PRESSURE, THE HULK'S MIGHTY ARMS FORCE THE THING BACK... BACK... UNTIL...
I'VE BEEN RELAXIN' TILL NOW, CUDDLES... SAVIN' MY STRENGTH! AND HERE'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO WITH IT!
WITH ONE LAST SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT, THE THING MARSHALS EVERY OUNCE OF POWER HE POSSESSES AND, SUDDENLY, FLEXING ALL HIS MUSCLES AT ONCE, HE HURLS THE HULK BACK ONTO THE CATWALK!
KNOW SOMETHIN', PAL? YOU OUGHTTA RENT YOURSELF OUT AS A HUMAN PUNCHIN' BAG!


THEN, BEFORE THE DAZED HULK CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE...
I'LL JUST WRAP THIS COZY LITTLE SUSPENSION CABLE 'ROUND YA NOW, SO YOU DON'T GO WANDERIN' OFF AND GETTIN' INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!!
A GIZMO LIKE THIS OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO HOLD A TWENTY-TON TANK WITHOUT ANY SWEAT!
YOU'RE A FOOL! I'M NO TANK...I'M THE HULK! NOTHING CAN HOLD ME! I'LL SNAP THIS CABLE LIKE A MATCHSTICK!

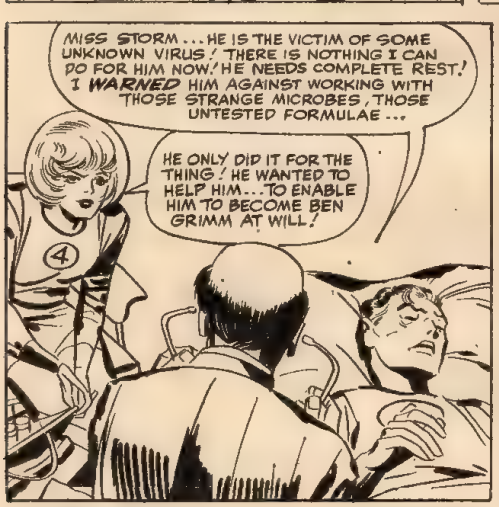

THE ADVANTAGE IS MINE, 'CAUSE I CAUGHT HIM OFF-BALANCE! HE CAN'T GET THE RIGHT LEVERAGE TO USE HIS MUSCLES! BUT EVEN SO, HE'S BEGINNIN' TO BEND THE CABLE!

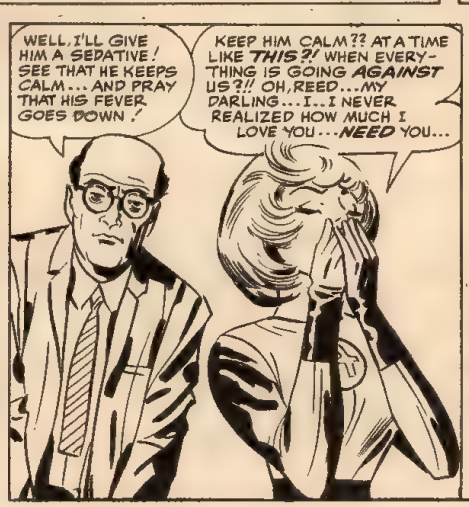
CAN'T HANG ON MUCH LONGER! TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN! GETTIN' WEAK... TIRED... BUT HE'S STRONGER THAN EVER! HOW DOES HE DO IT?!

HE'S INCREASIN' THE PRESSURE! I'LL HAVETA LET GO...I-I'M ACHIN' ALL OVER! BUT...HOW'LL I STOP HIM ONCE HE GETS LOOSE AGAIN? HE GETS STRONGER EVERY MINUTE!!

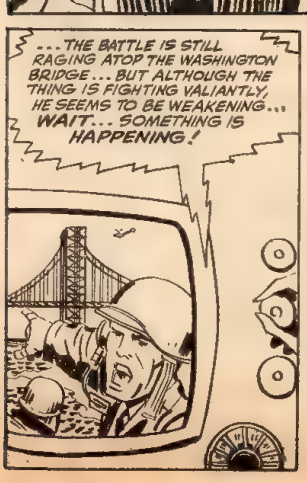
MEANTIME, BACK IN THE BAXTER BUILDING, HAVING RECOVERED FROM HER ORDEAL, SUE STORM RUSHES TO THE SIDE OF MR. FANTASTIC...
REED! I BROUGHT THE DOCTOR! BUT YOU'RE OUT OF BED! YOU MUSTN'T!
SUE!..I HAVE TO HELP BEN...

YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO HELP ANYONE, RICHARDS! GET HIM OFF HIS FEET, MISS STORM!
OH, REED! I'M SO WORRIED! JOHNNY WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL! AND YOU'RE TERRIBLY ILL! BEN CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER AGAINST THE HULK! AND... AND I FEEL SO HELPLESS!
I KNOW, MY DARLING I MUST DO SOMETHING! IF... IF ONLY I COULD CLEAR MY HEAD... STOP THE ROOM FROM SPINNING!


MISS STORM...HE IS THE VICTIM OF SOME UNKNOWN VIRUS! THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO FOR HIM NOW! HE NEEDS COMPLETE REST! I WARNED HIM AGAINST WORKING WITH THOSE STRANGE MICROBES, THOSE UNTESTED FORMULAE...
HE ONLY DID IT FOR THE THING! HE WANTED TO HELP HIM...TO ENABLE HIM TO BECOME BEN GRIMM AT WILL!

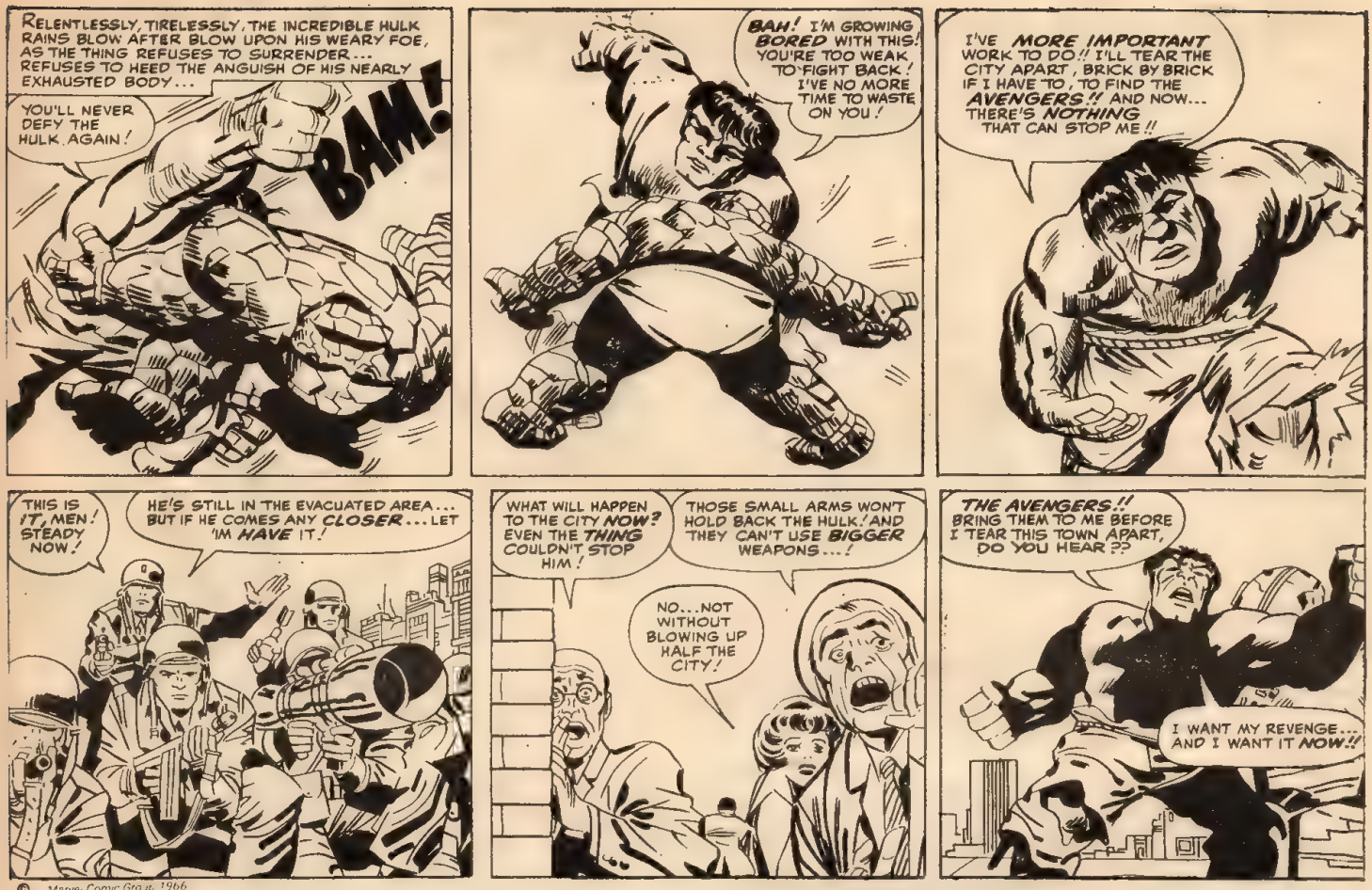

WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM A SEDATIVE! SEE THAT HE KEEPS CALM...AND PRAY THAT HIS FEVER GOES DOWN!
KEEP HIM CALM?? AT A TIME LIKE THIS?! WHEN EVERYTHING IS GOING AGAINST US?!! OH, REED...MY DARLING...I..I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU...NEED YOU...

I'VE GOT TO GO NOW! WITH THE HULK STILL AT LARGE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE I'LL BE NEEDED NEXT!
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN! THE THING IS STILL BATTLING HIM! I'LL TURN ON THE T.V....ALTHOUGH I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO FIND OUT!


...THE BATTLE IS STILL RAGING ATOP THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE...BUT ALTHOUGH THE THING IS FIGHTING VALIANTLY, HE SEEMS TO BE WEAKENING... WAIT... SOMETHING IS HAPPENING!

STAND BY! WE'RE TRAINING OUR ZOOM LENS ON THE BRIDGE...TRYING TO GET A CLOSE-UP IMAGE! NOW WE CAN SEE...THE HULK HAS BROKEN FREE!!!

CAN'T KEEP UP THE PRESSURE ANY LONGER! GOT TO STOP...REST MY ARMS...JUST FOR A MINUTE...
AND NOW TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED!!


RELENTLESSLY, TIRELESSLY, THE INCREDIBLE HULK RAINS BLOW AFTER BLOW UPON HIS WEARY FOE, AS THE THING REFUSES TO SURRENDER... REFUSES TO HEED THE ANGUISH OF HIS NEARLY EXHAUSTED BODY...
YOU'LL NEVER DEFY THE HULK AGAIN!
BAM!
BAH! I'M GROWING BORED WITH THIS! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT BACK! I'VE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!
I'VE MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!! I'LL TEAR THE CITY APART, BRICK BY BRICK IF I HAVE TO, TO FIND THE AVENGERS!! AND NOW... THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN STOP ME!!
THIS IS IT, MEN! STEADY NOW!
HE'S STILL IN THE EVACUATED AREA... BUT IF HE COMES ANY CLOSER... LET 'IM HAVE IT!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE CITY NOW? EVEN THE THING COULDN'T STOP HIM!
THOSE SMALL ARMS WON'T HOLD BACK THE HULK! AND THEY CAN'T USE BIGGER WEAPONS...!
NO...NOT WITHOUT BLOWING UP HALF THE CITY!
THE AVENGERS!! BRING THEM TO ME BEFORE I TEAR THIS TOWN APART, DO YOU HEAR??
I WANT MY REVENGE... AND I WANT IT NOW!!

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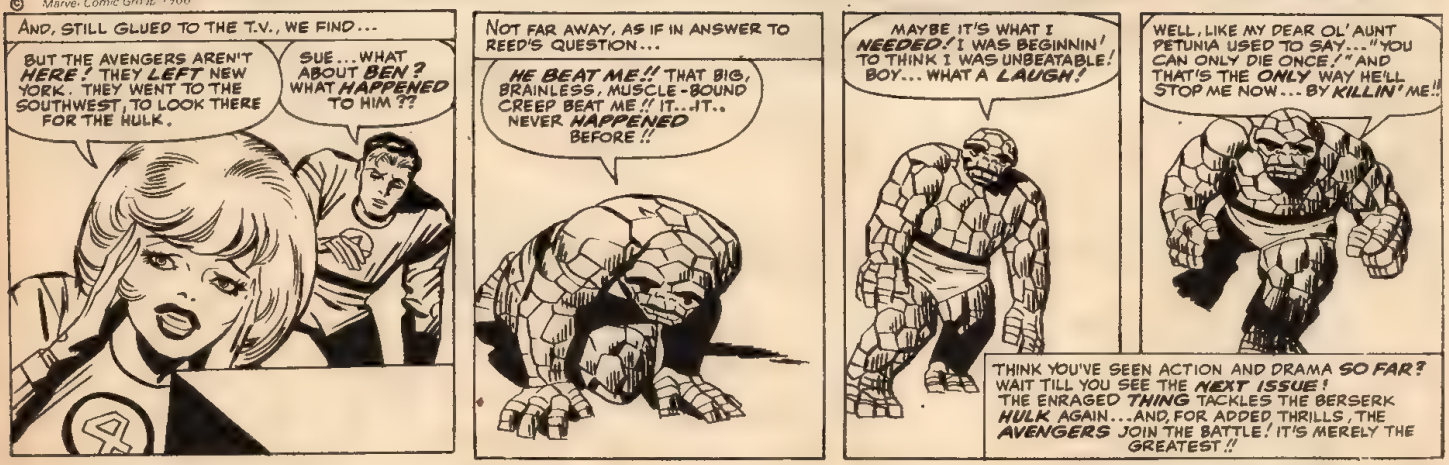
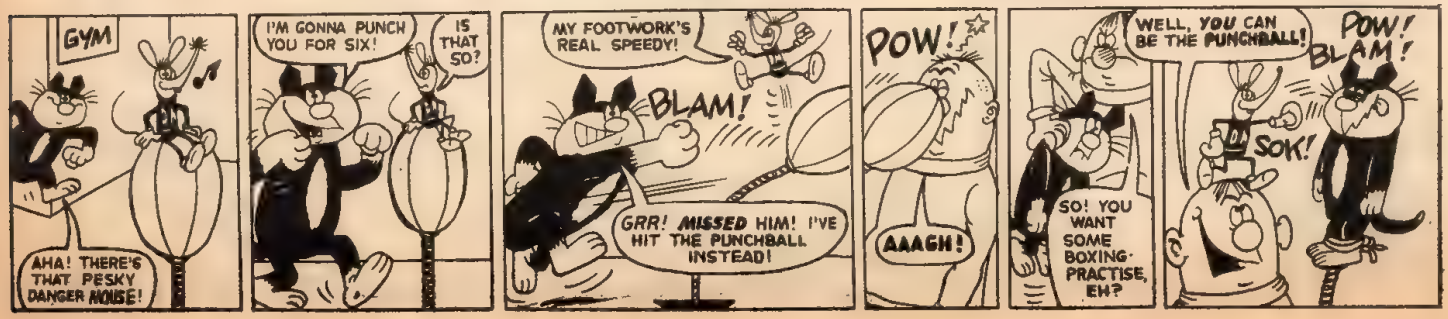
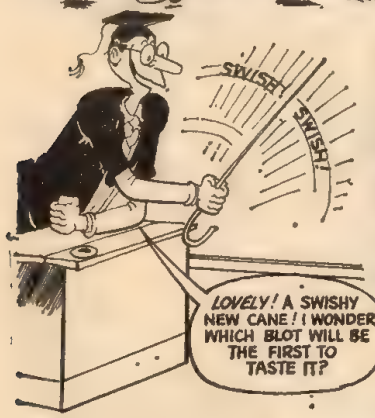
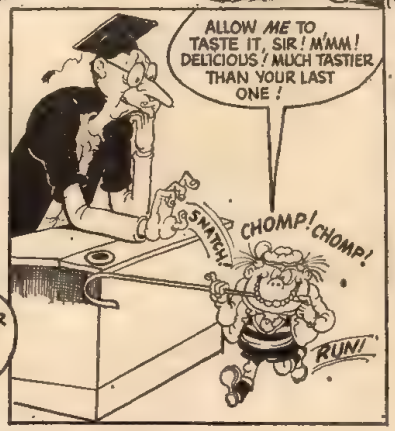

AND, STILL GLUED TO THE T.V., WE FIND...
BUT THE AVENGERS AREN'T HERE! THEY LEFT NEW YORK. THEY WENT TO THE SOUTHWEST, TO LOOK THERE FOR THE HULK.
SUE... WHAT ABOUT BEN? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM??
NOT FAR AWAY, AS IF IN ANSWER TO REED'S QUESTION...
HE BEAT ME!! THAT BIG, BRAINLESS, MUSCLE-BOUND CREEP BEAT ME!! IT...IT.. NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!!
MAYBE IT'S WHAT I NEEDED! I WAS BEGINNIN' TO THINK I WAS UNBEATABLE! BOY... WHAT A LAUGH!
WELL, LIKE MY DEAR OL' AUNT PETUNIA USED TO SAY... "YOU CAN ONLY DIE ONCE," AND THAT'S THE ONLY WAY HE'LL STOP ME NOW... BY KILLIN' ME!!
THINK YOU'VE SEEN ACTION AND DRAMA SO FAR? WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE NEXT ISSUE! THE ENRAGED THING TACKLES THE BERSERK HULK AGAIN...AND, FOR ADDED THRILLS, THE AVENGERS JOIN THE BATTLE! IT'S MERELY THE GREATEST!!

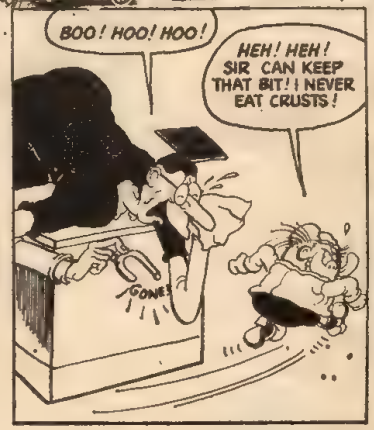
LOOK OUT... DANGER MOUSE

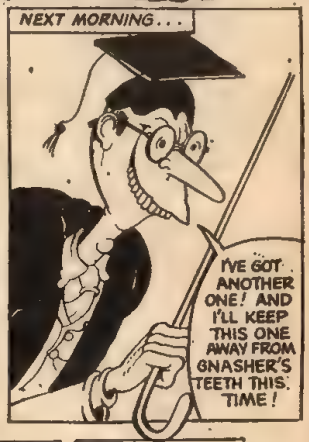


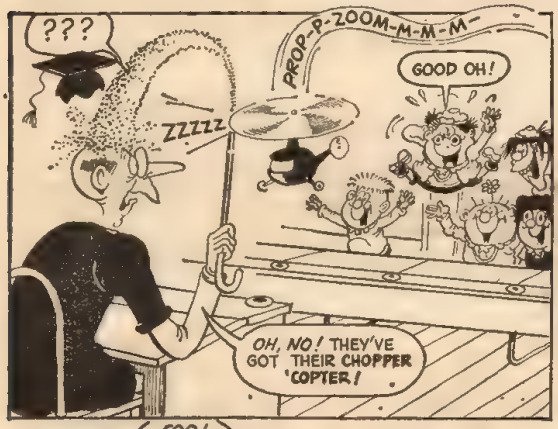
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

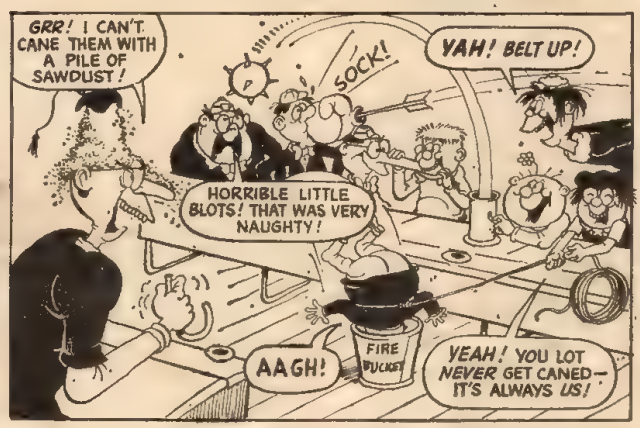






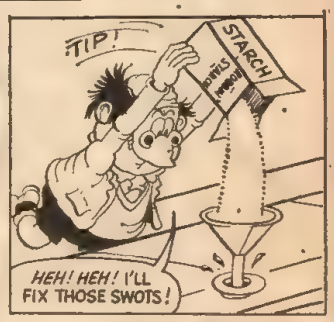





GRR! I CAN'T CANE THEM WITH A PILE OF SAWDUST!
SOCK!
YAH! BELT UP!
HORRIBLE LITTLE BLOTS! THAT WAS VERY NAUGHTY!
AAGH!
FIRE BUCKET
YEAH! YOU LOT NEVER GET CANED— IT'S ALWAYS US!

NEXT MORNING...
COO! THE DIRTY LITTLE TEACHER'S PETS! WAIT TILL THE LADS HEAR ABOUT THIS!
BLOT SPY NET
AH! THE DEAR LITTLE SWOTS!
START CANING ALL BLOTS SOCIETY
S.CA.B.S.
ALLOW US TO LOOK AFTER YOUR CANE, SIR!
ALL FOR ONE AND ALL FOR TEACHER!
HERE'TH A PRESENTH, TEACHER!

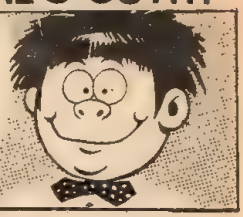
INSIDE, LATER...
HELP! WE'RE DONE FOR! THEY'VE GOT A DOG GUARDING IT!
HEH! HEH! COME ALONG! GET TO YOUR DESKS! YOU'RE LATE AS USUAL!
EEK!
SCREECH! GROWL!
WELL DONE, CHAPS! THEY'LL GET THE CANE TODAY!

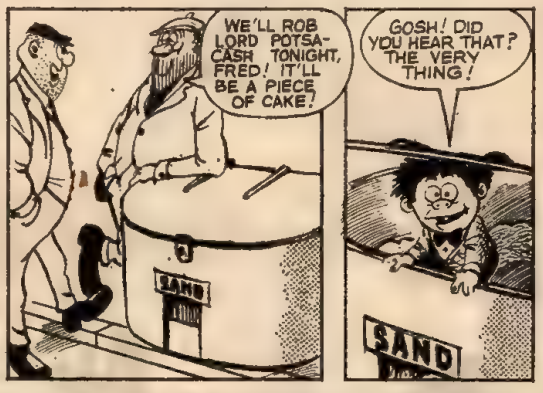


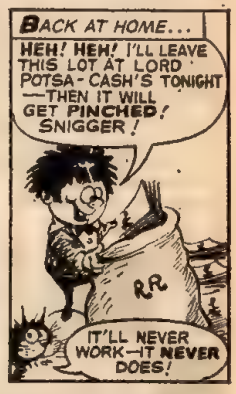
FIRE!
GOOD SHOT!
SQUIRT!
?
JONES! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? COME OUT HERE AT ONCE!
I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, DON'T YOU, JONES?
STIFF!
THROW!
OH BOY! A JUICY BONE!
HEH! HEH! IT WORKED!
OH, NO! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SAW! WAG!
SLURP!
AAGH! NO! LOOK, SIR! THEY'VE STARCHED SNAP'S TAIL AND IT'S SAWING UP YOUR CANE!
GRR! ON WITH THE LESSONS! WHO WAS THE IRON DUKE?
COO! I DIDN'T KNOW PHILLIP PLAYED GOLF. I THOUGHT HE PLAYED POLO!
HA! HA!
GRR! VERY FUNNY! STEP OUT HERE, BOY!
MUST LOOK YOUR BEST! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH SIR!
WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?
SCENT
RED CARPET
YOU'LL NEED THE RED CARPET TREATMENT!
WELL, TEACH! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CANE NOW! HEH! HEH!
FILE!
GRRR! I'LL GIVE YOU LINES!
HUH! THAT'S EASY! I'VE GOT A PRINTING MACHINE AT HOME!
SOB! BOO, HOO, HOO!
BRILLIANT IDEA!
OFF YOU GO! YOU'LL GET YOUR LINES TONIGHT!
OH, SHUT UP!
WAG-G!
PULL-L-L
HEH! HEH! I TOLD HIM I'D GIVE HIM LINES! THIS IS THE KIND OF LINES THEY HATE! LINES ON THEIR TELLY! WE TEACHERS HAVE GOT TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES!
AFTER SCHOOL...
HO! HO! WHAT A TEACHER! HE FORGOT TO GIVE ME MY LINES! I CAN WATCH TELLY ALL NIGHT! YAHOO!
WE'LL COME TOO! WE LOVE TELLY! HEH! HEH!
WAA-AAH! AGH! THE TELLY'S ALL LINES! IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS FOR HOURS! WE HAVEN'T SEEN A THING!
CRACKLE!
CRACK!
CRACK!
THIS IS THE END! NO TELLY!

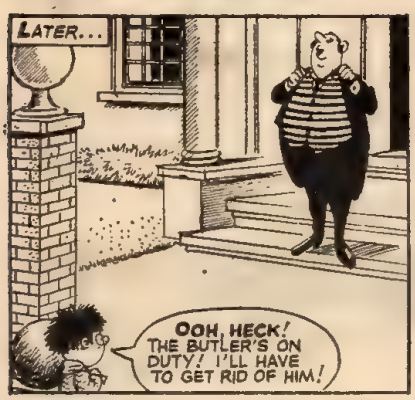
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

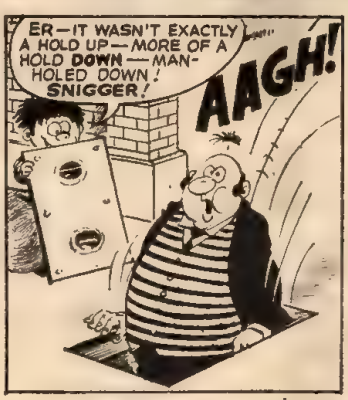
RONNIE RICH

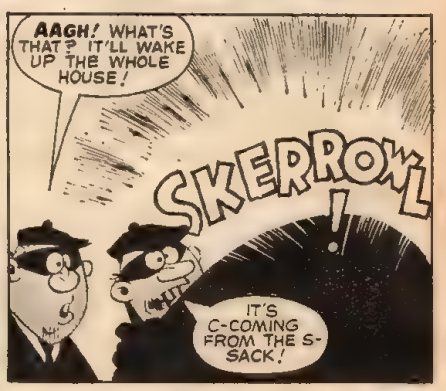


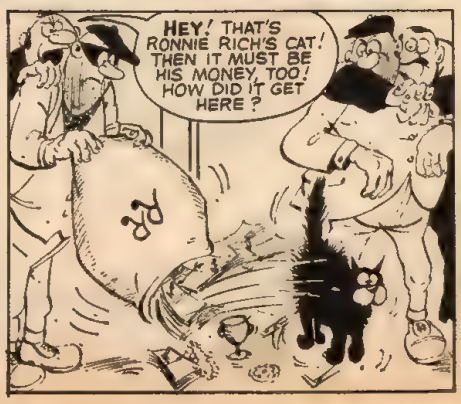


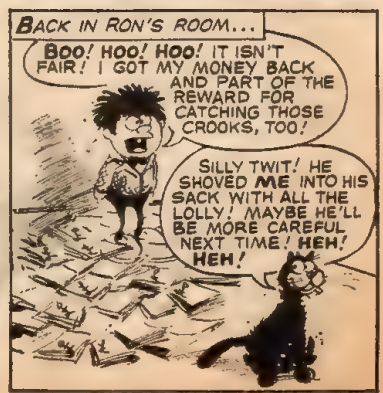

BACK AT HOME...
HEH! HEH! I'LL LEAVE THIS LOT AT LORD POTSA-CASH'S TONIGHT —THEN IT WILL GET PINCHED! SNIGGER!
IT'LL NEVER WORK—IT NEVER DOES!










BACK IN RON'S ROOM...
BOO! HOO! HOO! IT ISN'T FAIR! I GOT MY MONEY BACK AND PART OF THE REWARD FOR CATCHING THOSE CROOKS, TOO!
SILLY TWIT! HE SHOVED ME INTO HIS SACK WITH ALL THE LOLLY! MAYBE HE'LL BE MORE CAREFUL NEXT TIME! HEH! HEH!

BE A SMASHER WRITE TO SMASH!

It had to happen—and it's happened this week. We've run out of *Incredible Hulk* sweatshirts. We've enough to send one each to the writers of the letters published on this page this week and that's the end of the hundred we started with. Here in the garret we're as sad as you are. It's been fun giving them away, and now that it's all over it's like the end of a party. And all we can say is, here goes with the final fortunate four.

Dear Alf and Cos,

My mum says she doesn't know why I'm writing this letter because no-one in in our family ever wins anything. I'd like a Hulk sweatshirt, but my favourite story in Smash is Batman. A lot of people say Batman is silly, but they always watch him on TV just the same. And I like the Legend Testers because it is exciting, and you can also learn a lot from reading it.

Alan Borden,
Poole.

P.S. I have Wham as well as Smash. My mum says she doesn't like the Fantastic Four, but she always reads it.

So no-one in your family ever wins anything, eh, Alan? Well, your Mum will never be able to say that again because there's a HULK sweatshirt on its way to you. What a cosy power-comic scene we can picture. You, wearing your HULK sweatshirt watching BATMAN on TV while your Mum sits beside you reading about the FANTASTIC FOUR! What a wonderful example to set all the other faithful ones!
Alf and Cos.

* * * * * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

How about that! Your paper is so good that even us sixteen-year-olds are tempted to read it! My reason for writing though it not just to compliment you on your great achievement (producing SMASH every week), but to see if I can win a HULK SWEATSHIRT, as, a few months ago, I sent a money order to MARVEL COMICS GROUP in the U.S.A. for a HULK SWEATSHIRT and haven't heard from them since!

By the way, I liked the cover of SMASH a few weeks ago, the one with the big HULK picture on it! Do you think now the BATMAN serial is finished we could have a few more covers like this? Ah well,

Smashingly yours,
Colin Solman,
London, S.W.11.

How about that! Here's us two in the garret, happily harbouring the delusion that we're producing a weekly paper to be perused by university lecturers, gold-braided admirals, nuclear scientists and such-like folk, and now you come along and tell us that sixteen-year-olds are reading it! We didn't know that there were that many sixteen-year-old geniuses around!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When I first read "Smash" I enjoyed it so much that I now have a regular order every week, because I think it is the best comic ever.

My friends tell me that you are bringing out a new comic entitled "Punch". Is this true? If so, I hope it it is as good as "Smash". If it is not true, then why don't you start a comic with this name? You could have characters like Superman, The X Men, Mystery Man, The Infections, The Toughs and the Toffs, Sergeant Blockhard, and so on and so on.

I have seen your new books "Smash Book 1967" and "Wham Book 1967" in the shops and I am saving up to get them right now.

Your ever reading Smash reader,
Trevor Reading,
Westcliff-on-Sea.

We shan't be bringing out a new paper called "Punch", Trevor—somebody else thought of the name first. But we shall be putting out a new comic called "POW!" Keep watching for it and we'll welcome you as a founder member of the POW readers' society.
Alf and Cos.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Alf and Cos,

I get Smash every week and I think it's the best comic going. I am glad you have shown us the origin of Captain America, as I am familiar with his adventures in Marvel Comics. But I am very worried; in issue number 37 of Smash there was not one picture of the Hulk! Where *is* Green Skin? You've got to tell me—I'm frantic!

I also think you should have the AMAZING SPIDERMAN (alias Peter Parker) in either Smash or Wham. I think Spidey is super, and he would make your comic even better. In fact, I wish you'd have all the Merry Marvel characters in your comics.

I know this letter won't be printed, because I never do get anything printed in a comic.

Yours SMASHingly,
Paul Wilson,
Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancs.

Seems like this is our week for proving people wrong who say they never get a letter published. As you say, Paul, old Green Skin was among those absent way back in issue 37. But he's made up for it since. And if you really need Spiderman to make your life worth living, you haven't long to wait. He'll be appearing in "POW!" which will be making its bow in the newsagents early in January.
Alf and Cos.

Although the HULK sweatshirt cupboard is empty this isn't any excuse for you faithful ones to stop writing to us. We still want to hear from you, and we shall be publishing your letters on this page. And, commencing with the next issue we'll be sending a pound to the writer of each letter published. We've started saving up for this already!

Geoff Brabham rides a Moulton Mini — and so does his famous father !

When Jack Brabham isn't burning up the Grand Prix circuits of the world, he likes to keep in trim on his Moulton Mini-Automatic. He was so pleased with his Moulton that when his son Geoff started hankering after a new bike, it just had to be a Moulton like Dad's. Jack Brabham is impressed by the sound engineering principles of the Moulton bicycle; the low centre of gravity for greater control and manoeuvrability; the slim easier rolling tyres, made possible by Moulton's unique rubber suspension system—a system that works like car suspension, cushioning the bumps between frame and wheels. He's impressed, too, by the work-saving rigidity of the Moulton triangulated frame, its carrying capacity, and all the features that make Moulton the easiest-to-ride, most comfortable bicycle in the world. And not least, he knows young Geoff has a bike that will grow with him*—till he's nearly as big as Dad!

The new Moulton Mini only 19 gns.

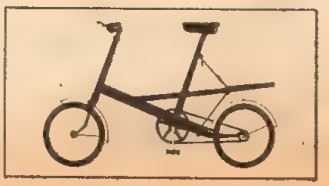
* fits anyone from 4 ft 6 ins to 5 ft 7 ins

The Moulton Mini-Automatic, suitable for adults up to 5' 10", with automatic back pedal 2-speed gear change, progressive braking, dynamo lighting, rear bag, fork lock, prop stand and full de-luxe specification: £31.8.8.

See your Moulton Dealer now!

Moulton

THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED BICYCLE
South Boundary Road, Kirkby, Liverpool.
A product of the Fisholow Organisation



TUFFY McGREW

LET'S PLAY A NASTY JOKE ON OL' TUFFY!
YEAH! IF WE STICK THIS SIXPENCE TO THE PAVEMENT, HE'LL TRY TO PICK IT UP AN' HE WON'T BE ABLE TO... IT'LL DRIVE HIM MAD!
TEE! HEE! HEE! HERE HE COMES!
TUM-TEE-TUM!
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIS SOPPY FACE WHEN HE BREAKS HIS FINGER-NAILS TRYIN' TO PICK UP THAT GLUED-DOWN TANNER!
SNIGGER!
COO! I'M IN LUCK! I'VE FOUND A TANNER!
HULLO! THAT'S STRANGE! I CAN'T PICK THAT TANNER UP! I MUST BE GETTING WEAK IN MY OLD AGE!
HO! HO! HO! HA! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! HEE!
EH? LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE!
EXTRA STRONG TUG!
ERK! THE WHOLE PAVING-STONE'S COME AWAY!
WHO PINCHED ME ROOF?
NOW, HOW AM I GOING TO GET THIS SIXPENCE OFF THE PIECE OF PAVEMENT?
I KNOW! I'LL THROW THE PAVING-STONE OVER THE FENCE! P'RAPS IT'LL BREAK ON THE OTHER SIDE!
OVER IT GOES!
HELP! I WANT MY MUM!
CRASH!
OOF!
URK!
OOER! I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' HIT A COUPLE OF INNOCENT PASSERS-BY!
TO THE RESCUE!
OOH! JUST WHAT I WANTED! A ROCKERY WITH TWO PRETTY LITTLE GARDEN GNOMES ON TOP!
GROAN!
EH?
DID YOU MAKE THIS NICE ROCKERY FOR ME, LITTLE BOY?
ER... YES, MISSUS. I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY I DID!
HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU! YOU MUST TAKE THIS TEN SHILLING NOTE AS A REWARD!
COR! THANKS!
WHAT PRETTY LITTLE GNOMES!
ULP! URGLE! I'M NEVER GOIN' TO PLAY ANOTHER PRACTICAL JOKE AGAIN— EVER!
THIS REALLY IS MY LUCKY MORNING! I BENT DOWN TO PICK UP A TANNER—LOST IT—AND WOUND UP WITH TEN BOB! HEE-HEE-HEE!

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

YOU'VE GOT X-RAY EYES! And here's how to prove it to the biggest audience you can muster.

Stand at a table some distance away from your victims, and give everyone present paper and an envelope. They are each going to write a short secret message on the paper, fold it up tightly and seal it in the envelope FOR YOU TO READ WITHOUT OPENING THE ENVELOPE.

Impossible? No—with a mate secretly helping you! Just make sure that it is your mate's envelope that you pick up first from the pile of sealed envelopes on the table when all the messages have been written and collected.

You'll have worked out with him beforehand what he has written, so, simply hold up his envelope and, pretending to penetrate the envelope with your eyes, read aloud the message inside.

Now put his envelope, still unopened, back on the pile. Talk to the audience, telling them that you are going to open each envelope after you've read the message for them to check your accuracy after the show.

But while you're talking away, pick up the next envelope from the pile and open that. Your audience will, naturally, think that it's the message you've just read out.

Read the opened message to yourself, and casually placing it face downwards on the table, pick up the next sealed envelope.

Now you pretend to read aloud the message inside, but really, of course, you will be telling everyone the message that was in the envelope you opened.

Working your way through the pile in this manner, you'll soon convince the baffled, bewildered lot that you really do possess supernatural powers.

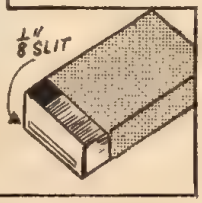
Vanishing Penny

Here is a simple trick that will amaze your mates—especially if they loan you the penny to perform it with.

Take the tray from an empty matchbox and cut an ¼ in. slit in the bottom of one end, as my drawing shows. You'll have to use a pretty sharp knife to do this cleanly, so—BE CAREFUL! Put the tray back in the cover and pop a few matches in the box—this will make it look like a genuine, untouched box.

Now, when you're ready to perform the trick, you must hold the box with the slit towards you. Shake out the matches and pop the penny into the tray.

Close it, and rattle it for everyone to hear—then let it drop through the slit into your hand. Now, with the coin in your hand, you can pretend to pluck it from your mate's hair, his sleeve or his pocket—then show him the matchbox is empty.



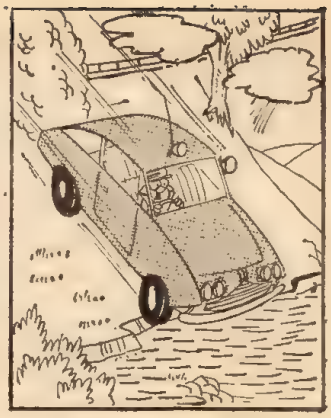
Ever tried bending water without touching it? All you do is rub the end of a plastic ballpoint pen hard on the sleeve of your jacket, then hold it towards a slow stream of water from a running tap.

The pen will bend the water towards it like a magnet.

Can You Save The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E?

Bungle has managed to snatch Dr Doom's secret hellicar from the master-crook's Highland hideout. But, driving it at breakneck speed, he runs into a patch of mountain mist and plunges down a steep bank into a river. Somehow, he must get it back on the road quickly. But the slope is too steep for even the hellicar to drive up.

Can you see how it can be done? The answer is below.



FROG WISHBONE

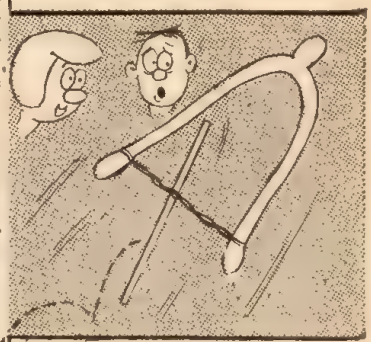
Frogs don't have wishbones. Maybe not, but wishbones make smashing frogs says Knowall Michael Veale *from* Morecambe.

So when his family have chicken for dinner, he saves the wishbone to make this super jumping toy. And here's how it's done...

Loop a piece of string tightly over the two ends of the wishbone. Now between the loop insert a cocktail stick. With this, wind up the string by turning it round and round.

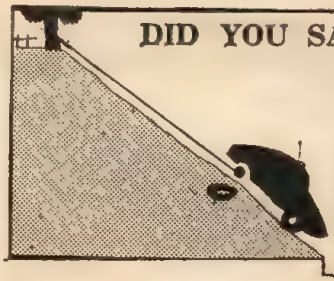
The ends of the wishbone will be pulled towards each other as you do this, so be careful not to over-wind and break them.

Now, adjust the stick, so that one end barely touches the closed end of the wishbone—and your frog is ready to come to life. Holding the stick in place; put it on the table. Let go—and off he'll leap all over the place!



Why is a pound note like a bridge?
Because it goes from bank to bank!

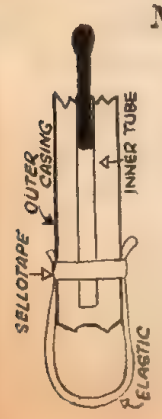
DID YOU SAVE B.U.N.G.L.E.?



Bungle ties the rope to a tree and, removing one of the rear tyres, ties the other end of the rope round the bare wheel rim. Now, when he starts the engine with the car in reverse gear, the rear wheels will spin backwards. THIS WILL WIND UP THE ROPE, HAULING THE CAR OUT TOWARDS THE TREE. ***Warning: Don't try this out on Dad's car—he might not like it!***

Let your arms hang at your sides and grasp the seams of your trousers tightly. Pull outwards, and count twenty. Let go, and your arms will rise into the air of their own accord and you can't stop them!

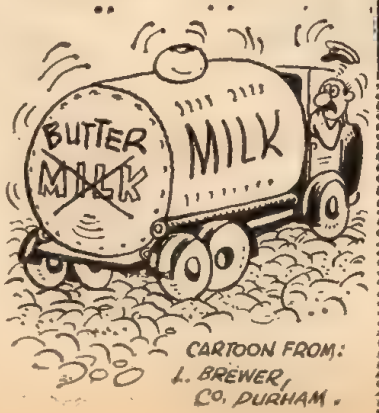
MATCHSTICK GUN



Knowall, Alan Robson of Co. Durham has had lots of fun shooting down those matchstick soldiers I described a few issues back. But instead of using the matchbox cannon I suggested, he's invented a matchstick gun which is as powerful as it is accurate.

Take the outer casing of an empty ballpoint pen and stick an elastic band to it with sellotape as shown in the drawing.

Now take out the empty inner tube of the ballpoint, and cut about 2–3" off the end. Load a matchstick into the inner tube so that half of it sticks out and insert it, matchstick first, back into the outer casing. It is all ready to fire—BUT BE CAREFUL NEVER TO POINT IT AT ANYONE, EVEN IN FUN!



CARTOON FROM: L. BREWER, CO. DURHAM.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is:.....

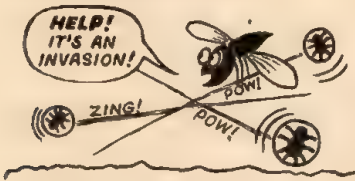
To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

news from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The air here in the garret is thick with flying spiders. This is because the garret gang have all been playing with the Spider Gun that we're planning to give away with the first issue of our new paper POW! It's a whiz! Jay-Jay Jackson brought it in and the rest of us are wearing it out! You'll be able to get yours when you get your first issue of POW! in January!



Those of you with the will-power to read these weekly wandering words of ours will perhaps recall that a while back we asked your opinions on whether or not we should implant a "Power" emblem on the front covers of our magnificent mags. You frantic followers have now spoken! Your decision has been made! "Yes" was the reply that came thundering forth from all of you! And so from henceforth, commencing with the next issues, so shall it be! Seek ye in the newsagents for the emblem "A Power Comic" and spurn all else!

A POWER COMIC

*

If there's a favourite uncle, an affable aunt, or an ever-loving brother or sister in your life who's scratching their head, wondering what to give someone like you for Christmas, how's this for the best idea of the season! Just drop the gentle hint that if they really want your undying gratitude they should pay for a year's subscription for your favourite mag.

All they have to do to make your life really worth living is send 43/4d. addressed to our Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And your favourite characters will then come dropping through your letter box each week during the whole twelve months of 1967!

To: The Subscription Dept.,
Power Comics, 8–9 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

I enclose Cheque/P.Order* for £2.3.4 for 1 year's supply of.....

Copies to be sent weekly to:—

Name .....

Address .....

*Delete as applicable. Cheques & Postal Orders to be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd.

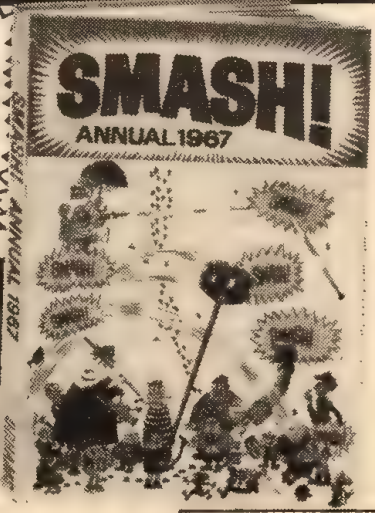
Meet Twenty Fellow Frantic Followers...

Joe Boyle, Ballymena, N. Ireland; Christine Carriage, Norwich; Stephen Matthewman, Catcliffe; Ivor Rutherford, Fife, Scotland; Martin Wheeldon, Harlow, Essex; John Clooney, Aylesbury; L. Hopewell, Nottingham; David Blair, Liverpool; Dermot Wickham, Dublin, Ireland; James Aitchison, Peebles, Scotland; John Williams, Cwmbran; David Baines, Stalybridge, Cheshire; Nolan Gunn, Plymouth; Michael Dabin, Bellingham, London; Robin Hindermarsh, Darlington; Steven Newman, Oulton, Yorkshire; Martin Garde, Birmingham; Philip Bailey, Newcastle; Anthony Hibbs, W. Wickham, Kent; John Stanley, Leicester.

Make sure of it NOW for CHRISTMAS!

YOUR VERY OWN ANNUAL!

SMASH! ANNUAL 1967



Here's the super ENTIRELY NEW annual that's a "must" for every *Smash!* reader—see that YOU get it! 96 big pages, 48 in sparkling full colour, packed with exciting and amusing picture-strips featuring your *Smash!* friends—Ronnie Rich, Grimly Feendish, Bad Penny, Charlie's Choice, Percy's Pets, and many more. ONLY 8/6

96 PAGES packed with THRILLS and FUN!

From All Newsagents and Booksellers!

DOCTOR DOOM HAS THE FANTASTIC FOUR IN HIS POWER! SEE WHAM! THIS WEEK!

STAMP QUIZ

Do You Know:-

1. What country puts "C.C.C.P." on its stamps?
2. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
3. Name any country which has issued TRIANGULAR stamps?
4. What country issues special CHRISTMAS stamps?

Prizes:—We will send you a special prize packet of 50 choice stamps free for each question you answer correctly. 200 stamps free (catalogued over 35/-) plus the famous Black Swan, for 4 correct answers. We will send you our Famous New Approvals. Please tell your parents.

Universal Stamp Co. (Dept U.7) Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

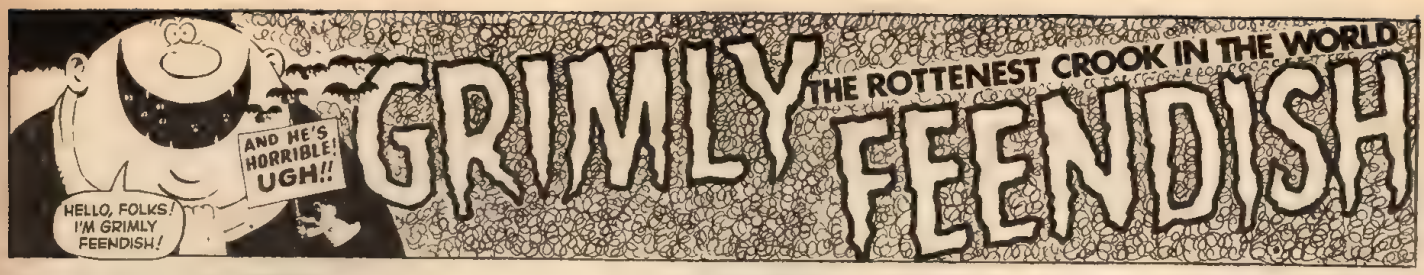
STAMP QUIZ

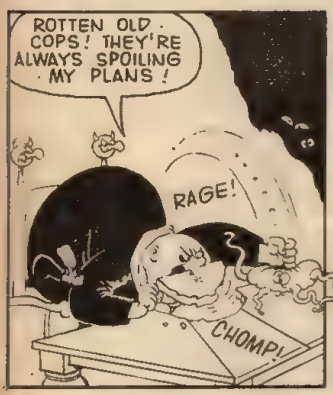
Do You Know:-

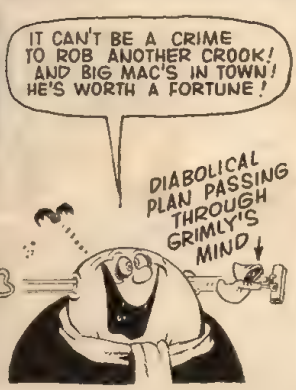
1. What country has "U.A.R." on its stamps?
2. What country NEVER puts its name on its stamps?
3. Must a stamp have a "watermark" to be genuine?
4. What was the former name of "ZAMBIA"?

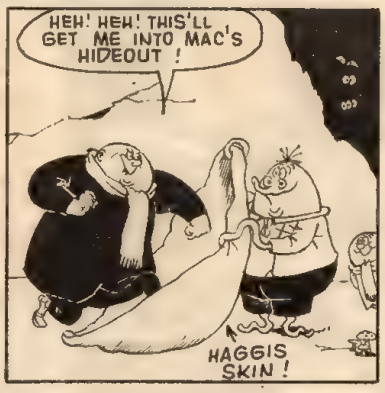
Prizes: 3 TRIANGULAR stamps free for each correct answer. Special packet of 15 different Triangular stamps free for 4 correct answers. Our wonderful new Special Approvals will also be sent to all applicants. (Please inform your parents)

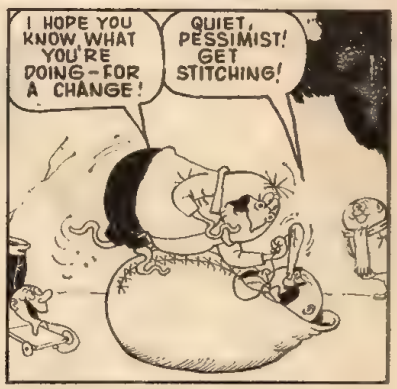
PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept P. 19)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

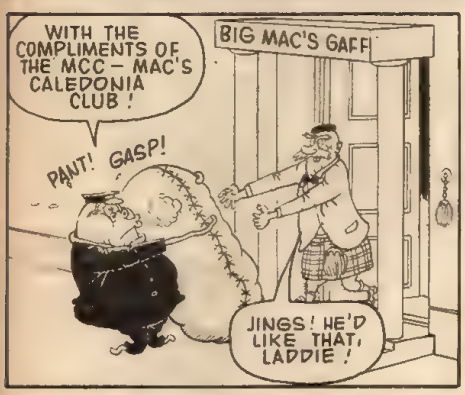

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

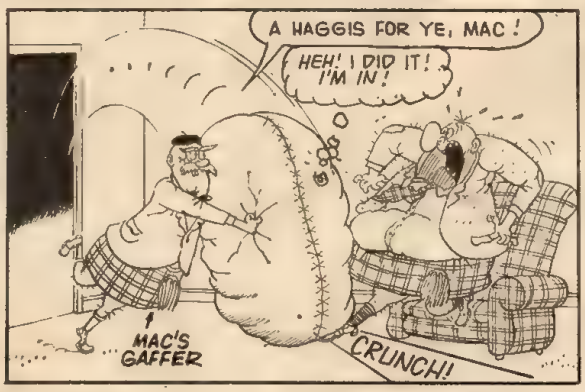

ROTTEN OLD COPS! THEY'RE ALWAYS SPOILING MY PLANS!
RAGE!
CHOMP!

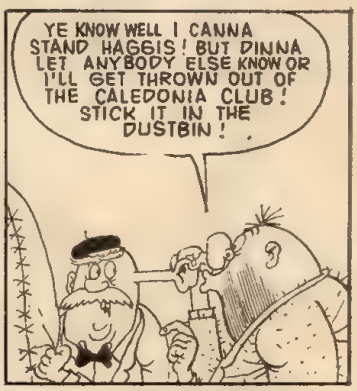

IT CAN'T BE A CRIME TO ROB ANOTHER CROOK! AND BIG MAC'S IN TOWN! HE'S WORTH A FORTUNE!
DIABOLICAL PLAN PASSING THROUGH GRIMLY'S MIND

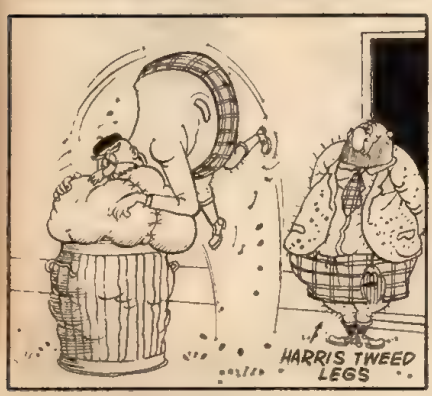

HEH! HEH! THIS'LL GET ME INTO MAC'S HIDEOUT!
HAGGIS SKIN!

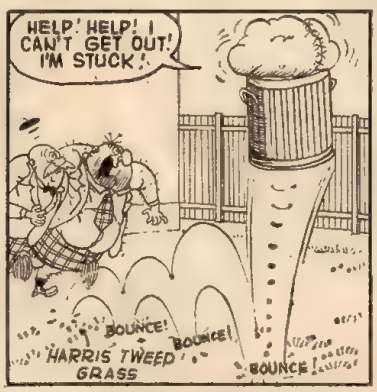

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING—FOR A CHANGE!
QUIET, PESSIMIST! GET STITCHING!


WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE MCC—MAC'S CALEDONIA CLUB!
BIG MAC'S GAFF
PANT! GASP!
JINGS! HE'D LIKE THAT, LADDIE!

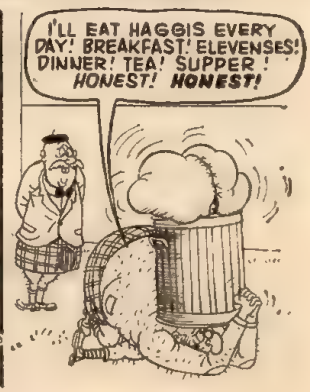

A HAGGIS FOR YE, MAC!
HEH! I DID IT! I'M IN!
MAC'S GAFFER
CRUNCH!


YE KNOW WELL I CANNA STAND HAGGIS! BUT DINNA LET ANYBODY ELSE KNOW OR I'LL GET THROWN OUT OF THE CALEDONIA CLUB! STICK IT IN THE DUSTBIN!

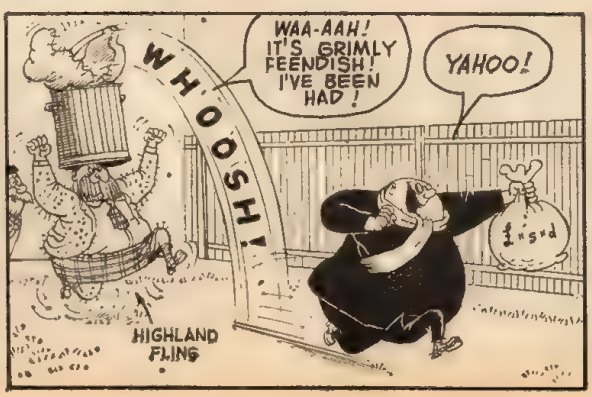

HARRIS TWEED LEGS


HELP! HELP! I CAN'T GET OUT! I'M STUCK!
BOUNCE!
BOUNCE!
HARRIS TWEED GRASS
BOUNCE!

AAGH! HELP! I'VE BEEN FOUND OOT! THE GREAT SPIRIT OF THE HAGGIS HAS RETURNED TO HAUNT ME!
THUD!


I'LL EAT HAGGIS EVERY DAY! BREAKFAST! ELEVENSES! DINNER! TEA! SUPPER! HONEST! HONEST!

YE MUST PAY FOR YOUR SINS, BIG MAC! IT'LL COST YOU £10,000!
IT SHALL BE DONE, O GREAT SPIRIT! THE NOO! THE NOO! I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE £10,000 IN ME SPORRAN!
£-s-d


WHOOSH!
WAA-AAH! IT'S GRIMLY FEENDISH! I'VE BEEN HAD!
YAHOO!
£-s-d
HIGHLAND FLING

MONEY! MONEY! LOVELY MONEY!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

LUNGS BURSTING...! CAN'T HOLD ON...MUCH LONGER...!

MUST HAVE... AIR...!

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO OLYMPUS, LEGENDARY HOME OF THE GREEK GODS, WHERE THEY SEEK THE CROWN OF ZEUS. WE JOIN THEM JUST AFTER THEY HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE UNDERWATER KINGDOM OF POSEIDON...

AND, AS THE LEGEND TESTERS GROW WEAKER WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, LET US RETURN BRIEFLY TO POSEIDON, IN HIS UNDERWATER REALM!

PROTEUS — YOU ARE A **FOOL!** YOU HAVE ALLOWED TWO MORTALS TO ESCAPE!

FATHER...! I HAD NO CHOICE...

BUT THEY SHALL NOT REACH THE SURFACE WORLD! FOR I AM POSEIDON! EVERY CREATURE OF THE OCEAN DEEP, GREAT OR SMALL, IS MINE TO COMMAND!

MOMENTS LATER, A MONSTROUS FISH WHICH HAD BEEN SWIMMING QUIETLY... **SUDDENLY TURNS AND RACES THROUGH THE WATER ON AN URGENT ERRAND!**

ROLLO SENSES A DISTURBANCE IN THE WATER AND SEES...

THAT GREAT FISH! IT'S ABOUT TO SWALLOW DANNY!

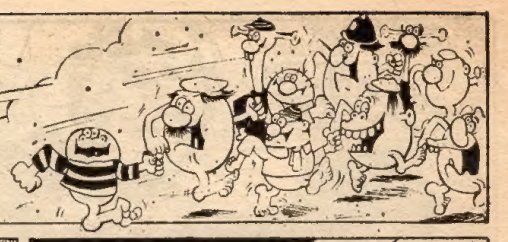
MUST PULL... DANNY... AWAY FROM... IT...!

BUT ROLLO'S COURAGE IS IN VAIN! THE HUGE MOUTH CLOSES... **AND BOTH THE LEGEND TESTERS VANISH FROM SIGHT!**

AND NOW WE GO TO THE **SURFACE** OF THE WATER, WHERE TWO FISHERMEN ARE BUSY.

BUT STAY! THESE ARE NO ORDINARY FISHERMEN! THESE ARE NOT MEN! THESE CREATURES ARE TITANS! THE AWESOME, TERRIBLE GIANTS WHOM EVEN THE GODS OF OLYMPUS RESPECT AND AVOID!
A MORNING'S WORK AND ONLY A BASKET OF SPRATS TO SHOW FOR IT! SEEMS NOTHING IN THE SEA IS WORTH CATCHING TODAY!
CAST YOUR NET ONE LAST TIME!
AH! THIS TIME THE NET FEELS HEAVIER!
NOW! THAT'S A FISH WORTH EATING!
AND I'M HUNGRY! LET'S GET BACK TO LAND!
THE CATCH IS DRAGGED INTO THE SHELTER OF THE TREES...
YOU GET THE FIRE GOING WHILE I PREPARE THE FISH!
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE BOAT NOSES ON TO A SANDY SHORE...
PULL THE BOAT UP HERE!
THE KEEN BLADE OF THE KNIFE RIPS INTO THE BIG FISH...
... AND TWO FIGURES EMERGE!
WHAT...?
RUN, DANNY! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE... RUN!
NEXT WEEK | THE GATHERING OF THE GIANTS!

THE NERVS



DOCTOR SAYS WALKING WILL GET THE FAT OFF ME— I'LL TRY ANYTHING— ONCE!

PUFF! PANT! PUFF!

BUT DOWN IN FATTY'S FOOT . . .

GRR! WALK-WALK —WALK! NOTHING BUT WALKING! I'M FED UP WITH IT!

FOOT DEPT.

BALL TONIGHT

LITTLE TOM HOLE

MILEAGE COUNTER

ME, TOO!

SCHWICH

I'LL FIX HIM! —I'LL TIGHTEN THE CRAMP!

SQUEEZE!

OOH! ME FOOT! — IT'S CRAMP!

HEH! HEH! — THE FAT BLIGHTER'S HAD TO SIT DOWN!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN HAVE A REST!

FOOT LIGHT

BUT DOWN IN THE STOMACH . . .

WHY HAS FATTY STOPPED WALKING? — NOW HE'LL BE HOME LATE FOR TEA!

AND THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO WORK LATE AGAIN TONIGHT!

IT'S THOSE ROTTEN FOOT NERVS! — THEY'VE GIVEN FATTY THE CRAMP!

FROZEN PEA

GURR! WE'LL FIX THOSE LAZY FOOT-NERVS! COME ON, LADS!

YEAH — THEY'LL MAKE US WORK LATER!

WE'LL SAIL DOWN FATTY'S BLOODSTREAM — IT'LL BE QUICKER!

BLOOD STREAM

GRAVY BOAT

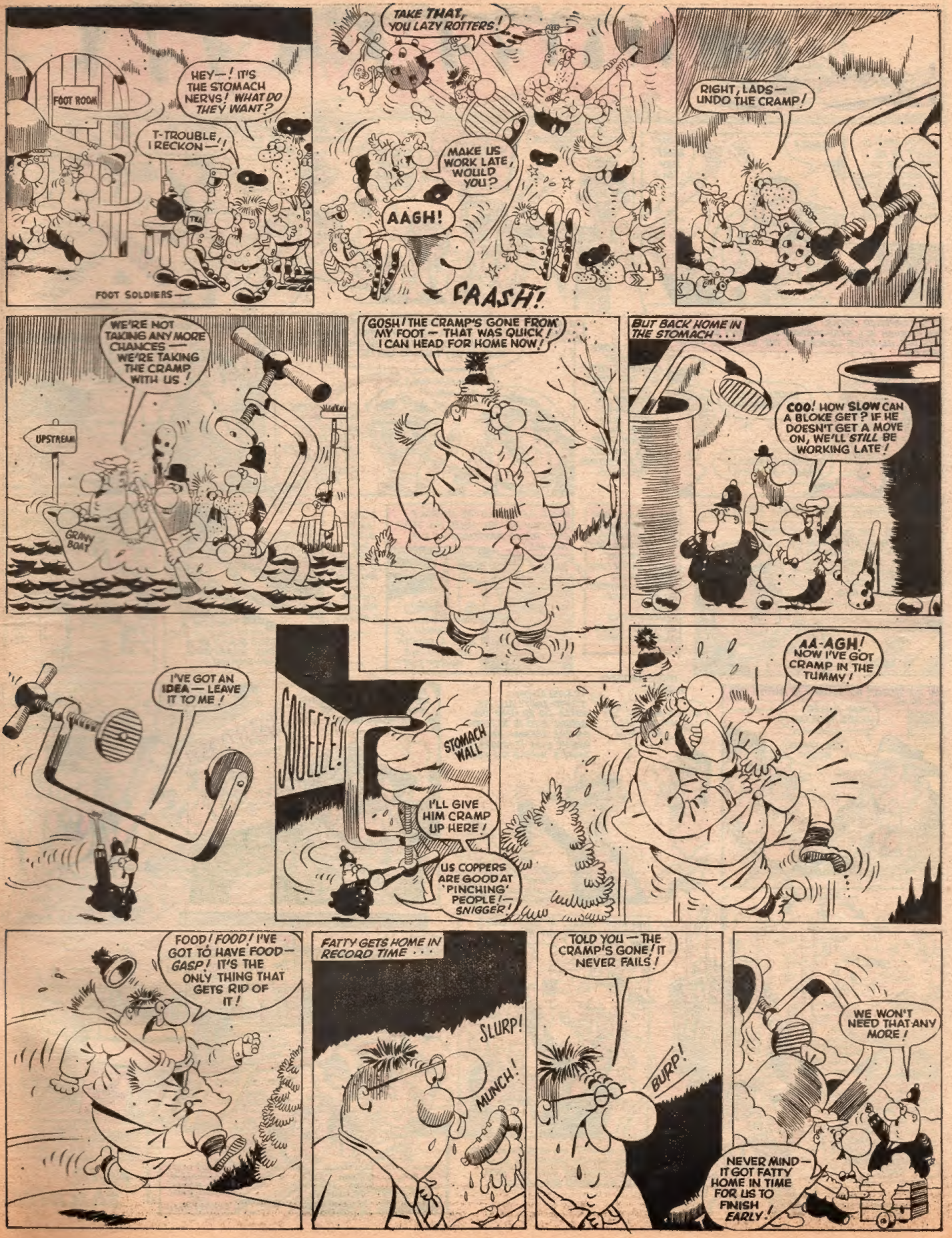
COO! DOWN HERE EVERYTHING'S UP-SIDE DOWN!

BLOOD CLOT

WE'RE THERE! CHARGE STRAIGHT IN, BOYS — WE'LL SHOW 'EM THAT US STOMACH NERVS HAVE ALL THE GUTS!

BLOOD STREAM

FOOT ROOM


FOOT ROOM
HEY—! IT'S THE STOMACH NERVS! WHAT DO THEY WANT?
T-TROUBLE, I RECKON—!
FOOT SOLDIERS—
TEA
TAKE THAT, YOU LAZY ROTTERS!
MAKE US WORK LATE, WOULD YOU?
AAGH!
CRASH!
RIGHT, LADS— UNDO THE CRAMP!
WE'RE NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES— WE'RE TAKING THE CRAMP WITH US!
UPSTREAM
GRAVY BOAT
GOSH! THE CRAMP'S GONE FROM MY FOOT— THAT WAS QUICK! I CAN HEAD FOR HOME NOW!
BUT BACK HOME IN THE STOMACH . . .
COO! HOW SLOW CAN A BLOKE GET? IF HE DOESN'T GET A MOVE ON, WE'LL STILL BE WORKING LATE!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA— LEAVE IT TO ME!
SQUEEZE!
STOMACH WALL
I'LL GIVE HIM CRAMP UP HERE!
US COPPERS ARE GOOD AT 'PINCHING' PEOPLE!— SNIGGER!
AA-AGH! NOW I'VE GOT CRAMP IN THE TUMMY!
FOOD! FOOD! I'VE GOT TO HAVE FOOD— GASP! IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT GETS RID OF IT!
FATTY GETS HOME IN RECORD TIME . . .
SLURP!
MUNCH!
TOLD YOU— THE CRAMP'S GONE! IT NEVER FAILS!
BURP!
WE WON'T NEED THAT ANY MORE!
NEVER MIND— IT GOT FATTY HOME IN TIME FOR US TO FINISH EARLY!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

ENOCH DRIP IS ABOUT TO BE BEATEN UP BY GANGSTERS, UNLESS HE FORK'S OUT 25 DOLLARS 'PRO-TECTION' MONEY WHICH HE HASN'T GOT!

GRR!

SNARL!

ERK! BERT! PAY 'IM!

IN THE NAME OF SANITY, ABANDON THIS STRIP!

BAN VIOLENCE IN CHILDREN'S COMICS!

GRR-R! SNARL!

GIBBER-GIBBER-GABBLE-BABBLE!

- FOR WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN THE NEXT PICTURE, AWLK!

BAM

GUR-R!

AGH! EEK! BERT! 'ELP!

WHAM BASH! KERPOW

IT'S HAPPENED, FOLKS! AND ALF AND COS RELINQUISH ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY SMASHER FEELINGS ILL AFTER LOOKING AT THE HORRIBLE SIGHT BELOW!

ENOCH, LAD! SAY SOMETHIN'!

GLEWGLE! SHLOLLUP! UGGLE - BLAH-H-H!

AS THE STORY CANNOT CONTINUE WITHOUT THE 'HERO', THERE WILL NOW BE AN INTERVAL UNTIL SUCH TIME THAT ENOCH DRIP FEELS HIMSELF ABLE TO RESUME THE ROLE.

6 MONTHS LATER...

I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT FOR THE LAST YEAR AND A HALF I'VE BEEN PAYING 25 DOLLARS TO THE THUGS IN THIS BLINKING PORT TO GET THEM TO LAY OFF US!

MM-MM-MM MM-MM-

TRANSLATION: WELL, I'D BETTER GET THE CENTRAL HEATING FIXED TO QUEENIE AND GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

PLUMBING OPERATIONS COMMENCE...

YOU FEED THE PIPIN' THROUGH THAT 'OLE AN' I'LL WAIT FOR IT AT THE OTHER END - OKAY?

M-M-M!

2 HRS. AND 25 FT. OF PIPING LATER - AT THE OTHER END...

LEMME SEE! THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE 'OLES BEIN' 25 FT., AND THE PIPIN' BEIN' FED THROUGH AT ROUGHLY SIX INCHES PER SECOND! BLIMEY! IT SHOULD-A BIN 'ERE ONE-HOUR, FIFTY NINE MINUTES AGO!

BERT AND ENOCH DON'T DISCOVER THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE "OTHER END OF THE PIPING" UNTIL LATER! BUT HERE'S WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO IT, SHIPMATES - SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HOLES ONE AND TWO!

WHILE NAVIGATING THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO HOLES, THE "OTHER END" FOUND ANOTHER HOLE IN THE HULL...

... WHICH LED INTO A FOURTH HOLE IN THE WHARF SIDE!

HOLE NO 4 BEING THE ENTRANCE TO A 25 FT. RAT-RUN. THE PIPING FOLLOWED IT, JERKILY...

... UNTIL IT EMERGED THROUGH A FIFTH HOLE IN THE SKIRTING BOARD OF A CERTAIN WHARF-SIDE ESTABLISHMENT!-

NAMELY:- THE OFFICE OF THE BOGART PROTECTION CO. LTD. (ALIAS, THE GANGSTERS.)

THE BOGART PROTECTIO

LET EDDIE BOGART PROTECT YOU!

-OR ELSE!

IN THE 'OFFICE', ED BOGART IS PAYING OFF HIS BOSS

OKAY, ELMER! HERE'S YOUR CUT!

GEE, TANKS, BOSS!

...WHILE ABOARD "QUEENIE"...

M-MM-MM-M! H-M-H-M-M! M-M-M!

TRANSLATION:- STUPID TWIT! ALL WE GOTTA DO TO FIND THE MISSIN' END IS TO TURN ON THE STEAM - AND, WHERE EVER IT HISSES FROM THAT'S WHEr E THE END IS!

TWIST!

AGH-H! GODDURN IT! WE'VE BIN STEAMED OUT! EVERYBODY INTO LAKE MICHIGAN, QUICK!

WHOOSH!

DESTROY THE COMIC! READ YE NO MORE, FOR EVERY OTHER PICTURE OOZES VIOLENCE AND

- DOLLAR BILLS!

WHEE!

RUBBISH

LET EDDIE BOGART PROTECT YOU!

SWIM FER THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS! WE'LL TRY TO SET UP A NOO RACKET THERE - SELLIN' COUGARS TO TOURISTS - AS EXTRA-VITAMIZED TABBY-CATS!

CRACK!

BLAH-H-H!

HA-HAR! LOLLY! AT LAST I CAN RETIRE ASHORE, AN' RUN ME OWN 'OTEL!

COR!

SKIN-GRAFTS! WE'VE BEEN BANNED FROM SAYING WHERE THE SKIN CAME FROM BY THAT NUT WITH THE SQUASHED BOWLER HAT!

6 MONTHS LATER ON BRIGHTON FRONT...

A-HEM!

PROP: E. DRIP Staff - B. BLOOP

The QUEEN Hotel

NOW OPEN!

Menu: CURRIED COCKLES. MASHED MUSSELS. PICKLED PRAWNS. SHREDDED SPRUNG

SEA-FOODS OUR SPECIALITY.

CENTRAL HEATED, FORE AND AFT

KITCHEN PRIVATE KEEP OUT

AN' IT CAN'T SINK, MATES!

PROPRIETOR AND CHIEF CHEF

A FINAL TIP, SHIPMATES! IF EVER YOU VISIT THE U.S.A., AVOID THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS -

FAIR SAILING!